THE COMMONWEAL

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FASHIONABLE DISCONTENT

IF ANYBODY is looking for confirmation of the old adage that modern civilization is based upon property rights and thrift, he can look out of his window in almost any direction just now. Business has not righted itself, as benevolent prophets assured us it would. The political situation has grown worse rather than better. Throughout the world signs of discord have displayed a tendency to increase. And yet we are probably, at least here in this country, more conservative than we were some months ago. Continued inactivity, even depression, on the exchanges seems to interest comparatively few. The confused fortunes of gold and silver, the second of which has fallen so hard that the entire commercial activity of the Orient has been affected, are not referred to on any soap box of which we are aware. And as for the revolutionary-minded, their demonstrations have apparently been postponed until cooler weather.

From several points of view this is a remarkable situation. The public appears to be dominated by a blend of pessimistic psychology and conservative acceptance of things as they are. Possibly some of it is pure lethargy. Another portion can definitely be attributed to the circumstance that thrift has become fashionable. Observers will tell you that almost every other citizen they meet has brushed up on Poor Richard and is curtailing his purchases to a minimum, with something like a flourish. Is this the old American grain uncovered after surplus prosperity has been washed off? However all this may be, there are solid facts of which the public generally is, in a measure, conscious and which breed that confidence in the established order which nothing or nobody has been able to shake.

These facts reveal themselves in many places and fashions. The census figures, for example, indicate the extent to which what was recently an immigrant population has been able to work its way out of metropolitan slums into more livable suburbs. In New York City, the congested Borough of Manhattan reports a decline in numbers of almost half a million, despite the very considerable new apartment building that has been completed during recent years in the upper reaches of the island. Similarly, the unemployment statistics are quite as much a source of gratification as of dismay. They reveal what is of course a lamentable blot on our social picture, but they tell us also that in spite of a very real industrial set-back the United States has been

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able to maintain a level of employment security relatively unrivaled. Finally the ease with which new enterprise—particularly in the utility field—can be financed testifies to an underlying monetary soundness upon which the average citizen banks firmly, almost without realizing it. Such matters by no means eliminate the numerous injustices, inequalities and cruelties of the existing social order. But they do testify to so much achievement in a necessarily limited world that the average man is quite willing to accept them as a better pledge of the future than piebald theories eagerly marketed about. Change depends, one may say, upon the fashionableness of discontent. A fad is the first definition of itself every revolution must achieve. And existing discontent in the United States is hardly more than a well-groomed acceptance of a slowing up process in the permanence of which hardly anyone believes.

Possibly that is why we can still afford to go in for governmental farces that might wreck other nations. The bank account grandfather left is so good that his children can smash china and wreck a chair or two. Recent news from Washington is of this character. Haggling over the London treaty will apparently never reach an end. One is glad to see that the President has insisted firmly upon a settlement prior to the fall; but whether he will succeed or not remains to be seen. Judging by the earnestness with which Congress heeded his remarks anent the pension bill, Admiral Jones will still be talking in 1936. On the subject of this bill, moreover, Mr. Hoover was absolutely right. Nothing in American history has been so permanently identified with graft and log-rolling of every character as the pension system. The measure which Congress adopted by a heavy majority in spite of White House opposition contravenes the experience of fifty years and merely pours a few million dollars into the laps of men by no manner of means entitled to them. It can be accounted for, but the account is not a tribute to the Capitol. And the tariff? To date its greatest usefulness has been to serve as a dubious test of Republican orthodoxy in Iowa. There Mr. Dickinson apparently proved that he was a better friend of the President than Mr. Hammill—and that the farmers are not so dead-set against the proposed tariff as one might have supposed. All in all, Washington has been debating with the umpire instead of playing ball.

Is popular discontent with political inefficiency on the increase? One hardly thinks so. The average citizen is as willing to endorse the government as he is to put up with existing social conditions. He knows that, comparatively speaking, things are pretty sound—a splendid constitution, at least a few excellent public servants with the President at their head, newspapers to expose any far-reaching defections, even a prohibition bureau not overenthusiastic about prohibiting. Why be disturbed? And so we go about our business without flashing many teeth—a population which is the despair of the prophet and the creature of advertising, but which is probably not so poorly off, after all. It is, you know, a circumscribed world. The rain may be as valuable, when everything has been said and done, as the rainbow. Some such truism, diluted into thin but penetrating prose, is very likely the cause of the circumstance that ours, the youngest nation in the world, may also be the most conservative, the least revolutionary and dissatisfied of countries.

WEEK BY WEEK

Bishop Cannon Declines

EVIDENTLY the chief lesson to be derived from the attitude of Bishop James Cannon, jr., before the Senate Lobby Committee is that the Committee should dissolve as promptly as possible. During whole weeks its pryings have had no significance whatever apart from publicity appeal; and the lack of coherence and impartiality in its procedure has been quite evident. The Bishop's challenge to the Committee's authority and his blunt refusal to supply the information requested are, we think, due to the advice of some good lawyer who knows the facts. Doubtless it is of some interest to find out what happened to the $65,300 supplied by Mr. Jameson for anti-Smith campaign purposes in Virginia. But quite apart from the circumstance that the Committee was not legally constituted to investigate such matters, everybody knows the essentials of the story already. Bishop Cannon set out to put the state of Virginia into a pseudo-dry Republican roster. He succeeded owing, in considerable measure, to the prejudices which dry workers could arouse against a Catholic and a Tammany man. All that should have been denounced in no uncertain terms during the campaign by those who hoped to profit by it. Raising a crop of fuss and feathers now about the $65,300 used to do it with is to engineer Bishop Cannon into the category of martyrs. He belongs, if anywhere, on the roster of Neros whose Rome is now burning. One feels that Cannonism has, to date, been beaten pretty thoroughly and that, while prejudice and fanaticism still flourish mightily, this particular form of expressing it is destined to a good, long vacation.

The New Jersey Primaries

SPRINGTIME is the season of primaries. The latest, which will be decided by the time this issue is in our readers' hands, is in New Jersey, and the interest lies in the Republican nomination for United States senator. It is an almost unparalleled situation. A successful ambassador to Mexico, a former partner in one of our greatest banking houses, the father-in-law of America's hero-of-the-air, a man universally respected, stands on a wet platform against a convinced dry politician and against a politician of the flag-waving, straddling, fine-figure-of-a-man variety. Ambassador Morrow vs. Mr. Fort vs. Senator Frelinghuysen. For the first time the wets have a thoroughly respected candidate standing on the major issue

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of prohibition and backed by a strong party machine. This is the fairest test so far of popular sentiment on the prohibition question, at least in one party in one state. Most of those who support Mr. Morrow must be convinced that the present situation needs mending; those who support Mr. Fort must be convinced that it does not. There can be no other important reason for voting for either. And Senator Frelinghuysen's vote will represent those people who do not care very much what happens in this matter, but who do like to hear eloquent speeches and are entranced by old, vague, political shibboleths—America first, a moderate tariff, the people's sacred rights, etc. This vote will be worth watching. Here is a real showdown for the Anti-saloon League, not an unknown college professor fighting an unscrupulous state organization, nor an exponent of the workman's beer pail fighting a defender of American womanhood.

A Million a Year

THE recent disclosure that Eugene C. Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Company receives a salary of over $1,000,000 a year led the New York World to gather the opinions of a number of prominent American business men on the subject of such mammoth remunerations. Is any man worth a salary so disproportionate to the average wage? Is any man in himself equal to 200 ordinary mortals? The consensus of opinion among business leaders to whom the question was propounded is that very few men are worth such a reward, but that there are a few, so infinitely vaulable that they are worth just as much as society can afford to pay them, either in honor or in wealth—which, in some cases, is a great deal. This seems to be true, and it is the inevitable fly in the Socialist ointment. There seem to be some men—perhaps twenty out of 100,000,000—who so exceed their fellows in some special way that they are almost superhuman, all social historians to the contrary notwithstanding. It is perhaps a little significant of our times that such men are nowadays almost entirely the heads of great business enterprises, rather than politicians or artists or philosophers.

Cuba Balances Her Budget

IF YOU are a millionaire industrialist, or a fabulously salaried expert, and your country is at war, there is nothing extraordinary in your consenting to serve it with information and advice for a dollar a year. But with the incitements and excitements of war lacking, the patriotism that is willing to surrender concrete cash justly due for services rendered is a much rarer thing. We all feel, however philanthropic we may be in narrower fields, that even a poor government is richer than we are. Hence, the man who will voluntarily cut his salary in two to help balance his country's budget, is really, to paraphrase Horatio, more antique Roman than anything we recognize as modern. This is what President Machado of Cuba has just done. The long-standing depression in the island has straitened the government's resources, and heroic retrenchment was resolved upon. The President's first act was to reduce his own salary from $25,000 to $13,000. Other cuts followed which, "though in no instance in proportion," effected a total saving of $12,000,000, and rescued the budget. This cannot but be inspiring, as the doing of a dramatically right thing for undramatic reasons is always inspiring. It belongs in what we may call the realistic school of political idealism, that sees the "res publica" as a present and almost personal reality, as did the togaed race in the days of its austere greatness.

The Argentine

THE non-political reasons for the success, to date, of intransigeant Grundyism seem to be two. As usual, each industry wanting a tariff sees only its own case, not the general problem. And likewise a large part of the people, feeling the pinch of the business depression, have fallen into the fallacy of supposing that since a small dose of tariff has seemingly proved good for the heart, a larger dose will prove better. This assumes, of course, that the present depression could have been avoided—a very doubtful assumption. Professor Charles Hodges, in a recent series of articles, has been pointing out that these hard times are a cyclic, world-wide phenomenon, not to be cured anywhere by a tariff, but rather by the lapse of time and a reduction of inventories the world over. Argentina is almost a laboratory case in point. The excellence of last year's harvests has made it impossible for her to sell her two chief products—wheat and cattle. The result is political unrest, together with a drop of 32 percent in her exports and of 16 percent in the value of her currency. Meanwhile, our proposed dose of tariff has made her legislators tremble. They are planning reprisals, repudiating the Monroe Doctrine, fuming at the American Caliban, and European merchants in Buenos Aires are secretly rubbing their hands with delight.

The Tariff

THE two leading French business organizations, the General Confederation of French Production and the National Association of Economic Expansion, have jointly sent a strong warning to the Ministry of Commerce in Paris on the subject of the impending American tariff. Of all European protests, this is perhaps the most impressive. It comes from the leading industrialists and financiers of the republic, not from politicians or isolated soreheads. Their letter suggests a tariff war against American goods as a measure of reprisal, and warns America in no uncertain terms that we live by our foreign trade and that we are threatening to kill the goose that has been laying our golden eggs. Meanwhile, as we write, the tariff is becoming more and more a piece in an elaborate political chess game. There seem to be some

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statesmen in Washington shameless enough to be anxious to risk permanently America's economic welfare merely in order to make political capital out of presumptive hard times next November. One can imagine that many a European ends every day with a fervent prayer that we will still be foolish enough to allow the Hawley-Smoot bill to become an act.

North or South Pole?

ONE of the most interesting pieces of writing produced by the Byrd expedition is the rear-admiral's own summary, in the Sunday Times, of his Artic versus his Antarctic impressions. It is always easy to lose the edge of wonder about any topic, however intrinsically wonderful it may be; and the publicity attendant upon this particular expedition has been so sustained and exhaustive that the freshness its commander imparts to his account is an agreeable surprise. That account is calculated to show that Mr. Dooley was levying upon geography unfairly in his classic statement that two candidates were "as far apart as the Poles and as much alike." The Poles are only enough alike, apparently, to emphasize their complete difference. Part of the rear-admiral's comparison is made from the technical viewpoint of the flying explorer. In this he repeats, simply and interestingly, the already fairly well-known facts that enter into the use of planes in the two regions. At the North Pole the strain is less, because the altitude for flying is low. The great danger is of a forced landing on the broken ice of the Arctic Sea. In the Antarctic there is the complicating necessity of flight at great heights to clear the mountains of the dead continent; this forces the plane's load to be kept down, although, as the land is barren of life, all the explorers' supplies must be carried with them.

THE thrill and hazard of such a flight come to us vividly in the following sentence: "I can still feel the plane slipping at the top of its climb, and feel it rise as food was thrown over and it just topped the divide and straightened out toward the Pole." However, the rear-admiral does his best writing when he leaves this discussion and launches upon description. The Arctic "supports life along its shores . . . from the musk ox, the northernmost animal, to the Arctic bear and fox, birds, seals and fish. . . . Even on the floating ice of the great sea itself, life is found." This sea, "monotonously flat, treacherous in its power and shifting surfaces," is a complete contrast to "the Antarctic, immobile, appalling in its grandeur and silence." On the shores of its "abysmal ocean" is some life, "but in the interior there is no life at all, nothing but snow and ice, except when occasionally in the summer months a bird is found wandering on some mysterious errand of its own far in from the sea." Yet here is incomparable beauty. The mountains "rising from the sea or the flat plain of the barrier only a few feet above sea level leap up into the air ten or fifteen thousand feet. . . . A hundred and fifty miles away one can see them glistening in their jeweled splendor." The rear-admiral says at the beginning of his article that the project, occasionally mentioned, of taking sightseers to the Antarctic would be dangerous folly, but the sweltering reader of his account can fairly accuse him of doing a good deal to encourage it.

On the Air

IT IS a pleasure to comment upon the success of the Catholic Radio Hour to date. The addresses, delivered for the most part by two prominent and scholarly members of the faculty of the Catholic University of America, have been distinguished for intelligence, poise, grace and fervor. Musical additions to the program have likewise reflected, at least in a measure, the mystical and artistic aspects of life in the Church. Naturally one cannot estimate the effect. The Catholic body has assuredly profited in more ways than one—instruction, consolation, justifiable pride. Whether the addresses have been listened to attentively by members of other faiths, or if some have been led as a result to modify their intellectual attitude, no one is in a position to know. Perhaps the point is of no great importance. The radio hour, with all its mingled virtues and faults, is now a central cultural influence in the United States. Catholics have taken their part in it with distinction and the investment of time, energy and money is sure to pay a handsome profit eventually. One hopes merely that the standard set will be maintained—a hope which, in view of what has been achieved, is not wholly unpresumptive or slight.

Dr. Wilson's Plea

THERE is a remarkable paragraph in Dr. Clarence True Wilson's plea for prohibition recently published in the Herald Tribune: "What shall be said of the rich man who owes more to this government than any other class ever owed to any other government since the world has stood? . . . The protective tariff has given them two prices for every article they manufacture . . . special deference is shown to wealth in courts and legislative halls . . . partiality is shown by every executive who has actually called out the militia to protect Mr. Rich-man against his own working-men. And yet I have known wealthy men . . . to stand up in their beautiful little home cities and say to public audiences, 'I violate the law and I am proud of it.' . . . . Gratitude, ordinary decency, would certainly suggest that those who have received so much should grant to the government at least the little that is required to observe this law of the land." What unguessable, impenetrable processes of thought can have led to an argument like this? Why should anyone mix up in this way a cynical realism and a fanatical quasi-morality? How can Dr. Wilson dare to beg men to be "grateful" specifically because they have benefited by the evil of favoritism? Does he endorse

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that evil? Is he merely insensitive to it? Or is it so negligible, in comparison with the taking of a glass of beer or whisky, that he is willing to condone it if its beneficiary would pour the whisky down the sink?

Considerably Pro Bear

ACCORDING to Outdoor Life, the Denver sportsmen's publication, Alaska's famous big brown bear is on the verge of disappearing. Various newspaper agencies report wholesale campaigns of extermination, prospectors and cattlemen are buying new as well as better rifles, and fellows who can see a target fairly well are not minding the general business depression. But there is another side to the picture. Brown bears such as these are among the most attractive and entertaining of extant beasts. They look a trifle ferocious, but our editor makes the following claims for them: vegetarianism is sponsored by all excepting a few as a principle; they usually run away unless wounded by a hasty and inaccurate shot; and so great is their appeal to the honest hunter that they are as important to the Alaska tourist trade as Wagner festivals are to the inn-keepers of München. On behalf of such a decorous and valuable animal we are prepared to go almost any length. Meanwhile it is of general interest to note a little governmental matter which has arisen in connection with the brown bear. Mr. Redington of the United States Biological Survey has just mimeographed and sent around a composition entitled, Alaska Bears Still Have Legal Protection. Criticism of this document by Stewart Edward White contends, however, that no protection at all against outside sportsmen is given in the regions where the bear abounds; that the restricted areas are negligible; and that a native resident may kill one whenever he adjudges it dangerous to property. If Mr. White is correct, there will soon be no Alaska brownies. And it is the business of the Biological Survey to see that the said brownies continue to exist. What an interesting problem for Mr. Redington!

Pour l'Art

IT IS not easy to think of parallels to the devoted action of Edmond Fontaine, arrested in Baltimore the other day as a direct result of his enthusiasm for the poetry of Edgar Allan Poe. Plenty of artists have suffered to achieve, but so far as we are concerned, Mr. Fontaine stands alone, in militant ardor, among connoisseurs. Ever since the erection of the Poe Memorial in the City of the Calverts, he has been unhappy over the misquotation from The Raven carved at the base of the statue: "Dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before." He has represented to whatever may be the proper authorities in such cases that the word should be "mortal"; he has probably cited original texts and first editions, and, we dare make avowal, has grown eloquent over the cacophony of sybillants and the strong concreteness of the singular number. Representations failing, he took matters into his own hands one night, went out with a flashlight and chisel and cut off the superfluous "s." "Art and poetry," he told the judge with whom he found himself conversing almost immediately afterward, "cannot bear up under the strain of seven years' waiting to have that error corrected." We do not know what the judge will do with him. We should crown him with bay. Not because we have strong convictions on the subject of "mortal" as against "mortals," but because it is someone's business to have them.

THE SUN-FAST ROAD

THE enthusiasm with which one greets the approach of vacation time is no longer unrestrained. Far from it. Many a harassed father-of-the-family now looks forward to these weeks of repose with all the pleasure with which he confronts a modern Christmas. The point is no longer to lay off work, don old clothes and greet the alarm clock with a superior air. This is an age of machinery and perspectives, wherefore the family must be conveyed somehow to places having the following advantages: bathing, good roads, dancing, hot water, scenery, excellent clientele, educational advantages, tinted plumbing, accessibility to Canada or its products. In days which we can still faintly recall, our fathers led their flocks to some cottage a few miles out of town; and part of their purpose was the shrewd conviction that these weeks off would save in clothes what they added by way of increased appetites. Today the vacation wardrobe, like the generosity of Santa Claus, is in itself enough to guarantee the prosperity of the textile industry and the financial ruin of a mere householder.

And will a trip of a few miles length satisfy? Your average citizen spends the major portion of this leisure period getting out of bed at five, settling with the innkeeper and whirling the family on to the next pause in its tour. Even so he has reasons for self-congratulation. He has escaped loading himself down with indescribably long railway tickets—escaped likewise the comforts of tourist-sleeping across plains where the sun never lets off, the bears of the Yellowstone and all the ilk of tip-hungry bellboys. One notices, therefore, with a certain pleasure (while feeling duly sorry for so many porters dwelling amid unoccupied berths) that a decline in transcontinental vacation travel is reported. Perhaps a number of summer complaints are being slowly cured by what in other respects must be termed a depression. Can anything be done about the others? Or has the word vacation come to mean not a "vacancy," which is its proper import, but a "vacuum" which pulls us about like some elemental force not to be resisted?

To begin with, there is the contemporary attitude toward highways. We are supposed to have impressed our individuality upon them. Messrs. Smith and Jones, purchasers of straight eights, are theoretical owners of the road. They have the right to go where and

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when they will—to stop at any one of a thousand hostels, and even to picnic under the greenwood tree. But as a matter of fact, this quasi-liberty has been grossly exaggerated. The multiplication of vehicles has led to some interesting, in not a few respects frightening, results. During the past year more than thirty thousand people were killed by automobiles. Minor injuries have produced a larger crop of hospital patients than came out of the Argonne. It has been estimated that if all the ruined radiators, smashed fenders, splintered bodies and widely distributed motor parts could be piled up in one place, the result would be a veritable (if fragmentary) Tower of Babel. The causes underlying this varied and almost catastrophic damage have recently been studied by a national commission. This reported what we have all known before: that high speeds create a hazard, because the impact of a body increases in proportion to its rate of motion; that many drivers are incompetent folk who ought not even to be permitted to wheel a baby carriage; and that numerous cars are defective, because of mechanical imperfections, age or insufficient care.

The problem is to do something about all this. Normally, however, the vacationist is not the proper person for such a job. This is his one big lark of the year, and he may becomingly expect to meditate (for the time being) on other things than motor death-rates and garage bills. It seems to us that a few rather simple measures would help him a great deal. First, he could be emancipated from the idea of making long distances in a sport coupé. Why do not the railroads find some way of affording such easy and cheap transportation of passenger automobiles as is now offered by steamships? A man who does not care to drive from Virginia to Maine, but who would like to have his own automobile when he arrives, finds it virtually impossible to transport the vehicle. On the other hand, a man going from Buffalo to Duluth can drive his car aboard ship and forget all about it. Similarly, the lack of coördination between train and motorbus schedules is one of the seven wonderful curses of the age. In Germany tourist societies—Verkehrsvereine, as they are called—would long since have ironed this pestiferous wrinkle from the transportation map. Possibly the reforms here hinted at are not easy. But even in our lordly times necessity is the mother of discovery.

Doubtless there are genuine reasons why voyaging on a grand scale appeals to Americans. The country is built that way, with immense plains and mountain ranges, vast coast lines and row upon row of industrial cities. This extensiveness breeds a certain amount of monotony and, also, of boredom. Whereas your Frenchman can travel from awesome mountain scenes to bucolic pasture lands and then to rugged sea-coast within a few hundred miles, we Americans can live through similar changes only by working our seven-league boots very hard. Nevertheless each region affords a more varied fare than is generally realized. It is high time some of this were developed with genuine imagination. Our wayside hosts have never taken the business of vacationing seriously. After a more or less leisurely trip through New England, the present writer is convinced that the district possesses treasures really comparable with those of the old world; but he found only one person who manifested any real, civilized enthusiasm—the librarian who presides over the Widener Memorial Collection at Harvard. Many New England hosts are among the best in the country, but even they are unable to realize that half a dozen tricks of cuisine or custom are the whole difference between picturesqueness and tepidity. Which leads one to believe that the nation's greatest need is a revival of the old-fashioned fondness for post-cards and pansies. May the little things—the individual things—come to honor once again!

Then there is the matter of religion. From the vacationist's point of view church is one of the most troublesome of matters. Modesty, commendable enough in itself, leads Catholics in particular to hide knowledge under half a dozen bushels. Drive into a little town. It proves difficult to find out where the church is situated, and the hours of Masses and devotions are kept a dark secret. As a result one's memory of a trip—and everybody now makes trips—includes a certain dissatisfaction with what can only be termed Catholic inhospitality. Many a little church, too, is attractive enough in essence but bare of outline. A modicum of extra care—ivy over the door, an individualistic image of Our Lady, a memorial tablet to the memory of some distinguished deceased parishioner—would cause many people to stop, enter, say a prayer. Who knows but what such moments, sandwiched into a busy vacation, might bring peace to souls who never find it in any other way? From another point of view it may be affirmed that the vacationist frequently deserves more ecclesiastical attention than he gets. Usually he makes a contribution; and if he were cheered by any signs of welcome, he would be disposed to prove still more generous.

It may be that these varied indispositions testify to a national peculiarity. Those who cater to tourists are still, as a rule, frightfully professional about the matter. Somehow they seem to feel ashamed of the business of making money out of hospitality, and so hurry to get it over with as fast as possible. In other lands, the desire for emolument is probably keener. But it is disguised under a mantle of welcome, chatter, intimacy which adds to one's pleasure and costs no more. Even the French Canadian—who is not a born entertainer—surpasses us in this regard. Let us grant that this lack of savoir faire in ourselves is not wholly uncomplimentary. It harks back to the ancient rural tradition which entitled every stranger to drop into a farmhouse at meal-time and leave only a blessing behind. Those days are gone forever. We simply must proceed to something else. Meanwhile the vacationist, too, is progressing. May the Lord have mercy on him!

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MAN'S RIGHT TO LIBERTY

By FREDERICK ZWIERLEIN

The ups and downs of liberty happen to be of marked concern to very many. It has, therefore, seemed advantageous to present the following reflections by a distinguished Catholic priest whose researches have made him familiar with the cultural development of the United States. Father Zwierlein leads the argument into three important domains—personal rights, education, socialized persecution of religion. The conclusion is a defense of the national "tradition of sound liberty," held to be the highest political achievement of the race and a reminder of important historical contrasts.—The Editors.

THE subject which I have chosen for this paper while thoroughly modern in its implications, was mentioned long ago in the Declaration of Independence by Thomas Jefferson among the unalienable rights with which all men are endowed by their Creator—their right to liberty.

In the use of the bounties of nature prohibition has tried to restrict this liberty although George W. Wickersham, chairman of President Hoover's enforcement committee, in his report to Congress, admitted as an obstacle to successful enforcement "the conception of natural rights, classical in our policy."

While these last words are Mr. Wickersham's own words, he does not seem to have realized the logical application of his admission to the whole problem of prohibition. If the natural rights here in question are unalienable, as the Declaration of Independence puts it, prohibition even by constitutional amendment is an act of tyranny, and the Supreme Court of the United States was and is in error in lending support to its enforcement.

Now remember that the Supreme Court of the United States is not infallible in all its decisions despite its fine record in general. For example, we all know how wrong the Supreme Court of the United States was in the grounds alleged for its decision in the Dred Scott slave case, in which its error was even emphasized at the time it was rendered by the dissent of two of its judges.

Furthermore, when the United States constitution was in the making, Madison's Journal, published by the United States government, shows that the makers of this constitution refused explicitly to give Congress power to make any sumptuary legislation. For they claimed that judicious taxation was sufficiently able to suppress any abuse in such matters.

Finally, George Washington, in his Farewell Address to the People of the United States, warned them how to preserve their government and the permanence of the happy state which they then enjoyed, telling them:

> It is requisite not only that you steadily discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown.

There you have in a few words a wonderful, prophetic diagnosis of the present condition to which these United States have been reduced by the experiment of prohibition, the lobby of the Methodist Board of Temperance and Morals to the contrary notwithstanding.

This Methodist lobby has been recently denounced for its flagrant violation of the American principle of separation of church and state. Unfortunately the Treasury Department of the United States government was guilty of the same offense when at the very outset of its zeal for the enforcement of prohibition, it sent a circular to every minister of religion in the United States, requesting a sermon in behalf of prohibition from every pulpit in the length and breadth of our land.

Now behold the irony of fate. The circular of the United States Treasury Department reached us on the eve of the Sunday when the Gospel prescribed for that day gave the account of the Wedding Feast of Cana at which Christ, upon the request of His Blessed Mother, changed water into wine that was superior in quality to the wine that the master of the house had first served to his guests. Under these circumstances, no honest Christian minister cared to brand as unlawful and even intrinsically evil (as some of the drys loosely declare) what Jesus Christ, the Son of God, by miraculous power gave men and women to drink at the Wedding Feast.

Despite all this no man can have more contempt than I have for unscrupulous liquor traffic or for the drunkard, but I am convinced by hard facts that prohibition is not the remedy against either abuse. Relying upon the wisdom of past ages and the experience of the rest of the civilized world, I urge as strongly as I can the duty of temperance upon all who can drink with sobriety and the duty of total abstinence upon all who cannot drink without going to excess.

This means a reasonable use of the bounties of nature which God has given to man, and to which man has an unalienable natural right, "a conception" that ought to be "classical in our policy" now and forever as it was in the beginning under such men as Thomas Jefferson and George Washington.

Both these men also stood for liberty in things of much higher plane than such sumptuary matters, namely, liberty in education and in religion. The present New York state constitution, adopted in 1894, measures up fully to the standard of religious liberty set by these foremost Americans, acknowledging, as it

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does for all mankind without a single exception, freedom of religious profession and worship according to the dictates of the individual conscience.

This New York state constitution does not, however, maintain equally the fulness of liberty in the field of education as both Washington and Jefferson conceived it. If their broad American ideas in this matter had been maintained, it would not have been possible for Pope Pius XI, in his great encyclical on the education of Catholic youth, to charge our present state school system with the violation of a great fundamental principle in human relations—the violation of distributive justice.

Let me explain what this means by a striking example which is not sufficiently known to the American public at large. Italy has recently reorganized itself after reaching an understanding with Pope Pius XI so as to put an end to the strained relations between Church and state in that country because of the absorption of the Papal States by the United Kingdom of Italy. Religion has been put back into the schools of Italy, which is almost wholly Catholic. But what about the rights of non-Catholics in Italy?

The Jewish Telegraph Agency sent out a despatch from Rome, April 15, 1930, on the publication that day of a law passed in June, 1929, which recognized in detail the rights of non-Catholics in Italy to liberty not only in the profession of faith, religious worship and the exercise of charity, but also in education. The law provides that:

> Students in non-Catholic seminaries or rabbinical schools may postpone their military service until after graduation, and parents of non-Catholic students in the elementary schools are entitled to claim exemption for their children from religious instruction.
>
> The new law makes provisions also for instruction in a special religion within the school premises when the number of non-Catholic students is sufficiently large to warrant it.
>
> Schools in non-Catholic communities may be subsidized by the state or by the municipality.

Now this last is a simple matter of distributive justice, and so you see that the New York state constitution fails to allow that support for religious schools which Catholic and papal Italy admits as a matter of course for non-Catholic schools of every denomination, Protestant or Jewish.

In fact, even greater efforts to restrict liberty of education in the United States have been made in recent times, but happily for the honor of America's good name, these efforts have all failed. We all remember how the Oregon school vote to close every denominational elementary school in order to force every child into the public school was annulled by the United States Supreme Court, June 1, 1925, which decided as follows:

> The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this union repose, excludes any general power of the state to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public school teachers only.
>
> The child is not the mere creature of the state; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional duties.

Here the United States Supreme Court was correct in its decision precisely because it recognized the unalienable natural right of the parent to control the education of the child. This was settled some years ago, but only the other day, April 24, 1930, Dr. Frank P. Graves, state commissioner of Education, had to revoke the teacher's license of William J. Hoffman, principal of the Harriman School in the town of Monroe, Orange County, for refusing to appoint Miss Anna Mulholland of Plattsburg to a position in the school on the ground that she was a Catholic.

The revocation of his license is to take effect July 1 and to hold until Mr. William J. Hoffman,

> on proper application, can establish by satisfactory evidence that he has, in fact, acquired a proper appreciation of American ideals of tolerance in religion; that he can and will properly interpret the constitution with its historical background, with specific reference to its guarantee of religious freedom and that he will, in his own future conduct, furnish an example of truth and rectitude to his students and teachers.

If employment agencies for public-school teachers have the presumption to inquire into the religious affiliations of applicants for teaching positions, Dr. Frank P. Graves might feel it to be his duty also to teach them and those for whom they make this enquiry the same lesson which he has just taught so strikingly to the delinquent principal of an American public school.

Such defection from true Americanism as that of Mr. Hoffman was not so much a matter of surprise as the unwillingness of some ministers of religion to raise their voice in prayer and protest against the atheistic persecution of all religion in Soviet Russia, especially in view of its self-confessed aim to extend their anti-religious policy to the whole world as soon as possible.

One of these ministers, of the same Unitarian faith as Thomas Jefferson, who had such a passionate zeal for religious liberty, not only in the United States but also in Europe and in South America, made enter into the apology for his conduct not only what he himself called his "cursory" observations as a tourist in Russia, but especially the published testimony of Archbishop Sergius, the present acting head of the Russian Orthodox Church.

But what of Archbishop Sergius? Listen to a statement by the Archimandrite Simon, superior of the Russian Orthodox Church in Rome. He says:

> Many Italian newspapers, having reproduced the notice of the agency Tass which gives a statement of the Metropolitan Sergius, according to which he denies that religion is subjected to persecution on the part of the Bolshevists, we consider it desirable to make the following statement regarding the Metropolitan Sergius:

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By canon law the Russian Orthodox Church has as head and lieutenant of the patriarchal see, the Metropolitan Peter, who for four years has been exiled to Tobolsk in northern Siberia.

The best-known and most trusted collaborators of the late Patriarch Tikkon are in exile or in prison, namely the Metropolitans Arsenius, Cyril and Joseph, the Archbishops Hilarion, Icander and Serafin.

In 1929 more than two hundred bishops remained deprived of their liberty, of whom 105 are imprisoned in the famous island of Solovetz according to the statement of the Archbishop Kaunas (Lithuania) who was recently in Moscow.

The Metropolitan Sergius is merely the head of a comparatively small number of bishops who in August, 1927, made a declaration of adhesion to the Soviet régime.

Despite this, some persons of high authority in the Orthodox churches are convinced that Sergius could not have been the traitor that he is represented to have been in the worst crisis of Russian persecution. The Metropolitan Eulogius of Paris and Archbishop John, the head of the Lett Orthodox Church, have expressed their belief that the alleged statement of Sergius was either imposed or forged. The Orthodox newspaper, Rhul, February 20, 1930, has received information from an excellent source that the author of the interview of Sergius is the secretary, Finikejew, who was assigned to him by the G. P. U., the Soviet secret police, the weapon of the red terror.

That phrase, red terror, reminds us at once of the worst phase of the French Revolution that put it in strange contrast to our sane and glorious American Revolution. Let us keep pure and unsullied the unalienable right of mankind to liberty, for which it stood, so that the nations on the face of this earth, when they break the bonds of tyranny that enslave them, may look to our glorious tradition of sound liberty in which alone there can be the pursuit of happiness, for which all men hunger and thirst.

THE INVESTIGATORS INVESTIGATE

By C. J. FREUND

IN RECENT years great changes have taken place in American industry which have had a far-reaching effect upon the social and economic life of the nation. These changes have sometimes been called, collectively, the second industrial revolution. Articles of luxury for the wealthy few were formerly produced by long hours of painstaking and skilful effort. These articles have now been standardized, adapted to manufacture in great numbers by automatic and semi-automatic machinery and have become necessities of life for the great mass of the people. Watches, plumbing and heating appliances, vacuum cleaners, artistic furniture, automobiles, silverware, and even houses are made in quantity and at extremely low cost.

As a result of these new manufacturing methods, industrial enterprises have grown rapidly. A factory in which 1,000 men are employed is no longer considered large. It is not unusual for a manufacturing plant to double its capacity every year for several years in succession. The electric power requirements of a typical American manufacturing city increased 1,000 percent from 1916 to 1927, although the growth of the city has not been exceptional.

Under the circumstances, it is only natural that industrial development should become a subject of general discussion. However, people are concerned almost exclusively with the sociological aspect of industry; the marvelous machine which empties a car of coal by turning it upside down interests them only because this machine has replaced a half-dozen men who could perform the work laboriously in a day or two. How will repetitive work, the concentration of the population in cities and the absorption of individuals in vast, coördinated manufacturing processes affect American habits of living? Is machinery becoming too dominant a factor in our civilization? Such questions are raised and studied more and more.

Shortly after I reached my office one morning, about four years ago, the messenger on his first round dropped into my tray the following note from the vice-president and works manager:

> There has recently been a great increase in the number of visitors to these works for purposes of investigation. You are assigned to entertain all such in future. Please see that they are given all the information they want and show them every possible courtesy. Confer with me about this if you think necessary.

Since then I have had many interesting contacts and experiences. The visitors have come and gone by the hundreds with a great variety of viewpoints, enthusiasms, prejudices, note-books, spectacles and visiting cards. There have been editors, professors, sociologists, newspaper reporters, lecturers, free lance writers, graduate students, officials of state and federal governments and doctors of philosophy representing great foundations. Most of them have been Americans; many were British, German, Japanese, Norwegian and French; there were a few Italians, Chinese, Swedes, Russians and Swiss; Poles, Spanish-Americans, Scotch and Irish and Czechoslovakians have come occasionally and there were three or four Hindus and Turks. Almost without exception these visitors have been of high calibre, well informed and pleasant company.

Before proceeding, I wish to pay my respects to a very great number of these visitors who have been simple and sincere students, hard working, thorough

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and unprejudiced. They came to find the facts in industry, whatever the facts might be, and have been eager for any information which might affect their findings in any way whatever; they have appreciated the vastness and complexity of modern industry and have taken industry seriously.

However, to a person engaged in industrial work who pretends to be neither a scholar nor a scientist nor to be familiar with the methods of the scholar or scientist, the majority of these investigators appear to be superficial and many of them positively unfair. Their methods arouse resentment. Industry has enough to answer for without being accused before the public by persons who have almost no first-hand information. When a man lectures or writes books on industrial subjects after working five or six or ten years in industry he may be qualified for what he is doing. A flying trip of three or four months through the industries of the country can hardly be considered a sufficient preparation for a book or a series of lectures on fundamental industrial problems, although the public will accept both book and lectures if they are clever.

The superficial investigators appear to fall into a number of major divisions. One comes to mind first not because it is most numerous but because it irritates the most. The majority of this group are college and university faculty members who are unable to be friendly and engaging enough to hide their conviction that they are considerably superior to any and every one associated with industry. They seem to think that all industrial people are totally materialistic and capable of no idealism whatever. They admit that industry affects society and is therefore worth studying, but they seem to feel that the industrial world is so inferior to their own academic world that men of their calibre should understand the entire industrial scheme of things at first sight. I remember a sociologist who spent eight months in a study of the organized charities of a certain industrial community and considered two weeks long enough the following year to determine the influence of automatic machinery upon the living habits and economic standards of the same community. A certain professor spent a year in Washington in order to study the workings of the senate committees; but he thought and said that two days at Gary had given him a comprehensive knowledge of the steel industry of America. A doctor of philosophy devoted two years to a study of rural life in a number of counties in southern Vermont. Shortly after he made a six weeks' tour of the automobile industry of the country and considers himself a great authority on the subject as a result; and some of his associates agree with him.

Authors and editors comprise the second classification of superficial investigators of industry. Those who are nationally known are frequently the most slipshod in making their surveys. They are very frankly capitalizing the public interest in industrial problems. Undoubtedly they are doing much to maintain that interest. Perhaps they are paid according to the amount of writing they produce and cannot afford to spend too much time in preparing their work. They give their articles a tone of scholarship by the use of smart phrases, "exhaustive survey," "careful study of representative plants during a tour of the entire country," "scientific analysis" and others. But they are not interested primarily in facts, they are looking for startling bits of information and spectacular particulars which have no important bearing on the subject matter in hand but which make fascinating reading.

Not so long ago our plant was visited by a well-known author whose work is read by thousands. He asked us to take him through the plant to permit him to gather information for a "story" on a certain subject. We proceeded to gather for him the information which he needed and planned to take him to those departments which were involved in his problem. We thought he would remain no less than three or four days and were surprised when he said that he could remain only a few hours. He made us suspicious by evading discussion of the fundamental questions included in his subject. Finally he succumbed to persistent influence, took us into his confidence and produced a complete set of notes for the article. We read the notes and ventured the opinion that they did not represent the facts in the matter.

"Perhaps not," he replied, "but you know how it is; this is what the public wants to read. I merely want to go into your shop to get the graphic stuff, material for dressing up the piece."

We trust that we did not violate hospitality when we denied him admission to our works.

Still another group of these investigators are largely economists and sociologists and are, I believe, called "progressive thinkers." They have formed certain theories in advance regarding industry, the theories have become fads and their purpose in visiting industrial establishments is to pick up here and there separate items of information to support their theories even though the bulk of the evidence may be against them.

For instance, it is fashionable just now in certain circles to denounce the modern development of industry as generally pernicious and particularly to point out the degrading effect of monotonous production work on the individual worker as if all, or nearly all, industrial work were of this nature. I have in mind a friend who is a graduate student of good standing in a reputable educational institution. He asked if he could visit an automobile manufacturing plant. The arrangements were made and we went together. He was particularly interested in the assembly line and stood for a long time watching men attach tanks and fenders, locate motors and transmissions, insert bolts, secure nuts and perform similar operations over and over as one unit after another passed on the line.

"Horribly degrading work, isn't it," he remarked.

I did not reply but I suggested to him that we visit the many auxiliary departments: the tool-making department where hundreds of the most skilled mechanics

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build the special fixtures and appliances without which production and automatic machinery would be impossible; the heat-treating and metallurgical departments where the physical characteristics of steel and other metals are controlled almost at will by the application of science and skill; the maintenance department where workmen of the highest qualification constantly exert their ingenuity in keeping the machinery of the plant in perfect running order; the engineering department where principles which are known to be correct, although they are not yet understood, are applied every day in design work; and the production department where problems in control and traffic of unbelievable difficulty are solved with the help of great numbers of men throughout the plant whose work requires constant mental exertion.

"No thanks," he said, "I'm not interested in those departments; I have seen all I care to see."

Persons engaged in industrial work are seldom able to interpret industry to the public, they are too absorbed in their tasks, their viewpoint is not broad enough and they cannot rise above their environment to observe its effects upon the entire social structure. As a result, the public impression of the part played by industry in modern life is based almost altogether upon the information furnished by professional scholars and investigators. Unfortunately, the careful and conscientious report of the legitimate student of industry is seldom startling and consequently is overlooked while the sensational account of the superficial observer makes a deep impression. Naturally, the layman will read those reports of industrial conditions which are most interesting and which have the greatest appeal for his imagination in preference to a less fascinating report which may be more correct.

Sometimes general public opinions have been formed regarding industry which have no foundation whatever in fact. An outstanding example is a general conviction on the part of practically all who think about the matter at all that automatic machinery is doing away with the skilled manufacturing trades. Ask any man who is educated and considers himself informed what has been the effect of automatic machinery upon the trades and crafts and he will reply promptly that automatic machinery is crowding them out. This, of course, is an altogether different question from the effect of automatic machinery upon total employment in industry. Reference is made only to skilled trades. It is certainly true that certain trades, such as horseshoeing and sail-making, have been rendered practically obsolete by modern machinery but it has never been proved of the skilled manufacturing trades in general, although quite generally taken for granted. Public opinion has been formed by writers and lecturers who are not in possession of the facts and cannot be because the facts are not known. The Census of Manufactures, the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, the National Bureau of Economic Research, the National Industrial Conference Board, and the American Society of Mechanical Engineers have no data on the subject and several of these authorities have repeatedly and emphatically asserted that no acceptable information is to be had anywhere concerning the effect of automatic machinery upon the skilled trades.

Perhaps the writers and lecturers consider that it follows necessarily from the nature of the problem that highly automatic machinery does away with opportunities for skilled work. A paper before a recent convention of the Society of Industrial Engineers is directly to the point. The speaker made a comparison between the number of skilled mechanics in a typical, old fashioned machinery-building shop and a modern, up-to-date metal-working plant in which automatic machinery is used. In the old fashioned shop machinery is built on a jobbing basis. None of the machines in the plant can be one-purpose machines because of the great variety of work, and for the same reason the operators must be highly skilled. The plant has frequently been called a "mechanics' paradise."

The automatic plant produces practically all the automobile frames used in the United States and it is generally admitted by economists and engineers that automatic machinery has been more highly developed in this shop than in any other metal-working plant. In this plant pieces are carried along on automatic conveyors from machine to machine, are automatically removed from the conveyors to the machines, are automatically located on the machines, the machines are automatically started and stopped again, the pieces are automatically released from the machine, automatically returned to the conveyor and automatically carried to the next machine.

Strange as it may seem, the comparison indicated that 33 percent of all employees in the automatic plant were skilled mechanics while only 26 percent of the total employment in the so-called "mechanics' paradise" were skilled. The difference arises undoubtedly from the much greater proportion of maintenance mechanics who are required in the automatic plant. Accordingly, it does not seem to follow necessarily that automatic machinery destroys opportunities for skilled work.

It may be desirable to emphasize once more that all this expresses the viewpoint of a layman, not of a scholar criticizing the work of some of his fellows. Also, I must recognize again the very many investigators of industry in whose work and attitude the layman at least can discover no irregularity whatever.

Journey

Call it fate's irony or what you will,
But Becky Hull who wanted more than most
To travel widely, lived for ninety years
On a small island off New England's coast.

At ninety years came her first chance to travel,
And she set out for better or for worse;
How far away she was when two days later
They took her body riding in a hearse!

ALICE GOULD.

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Places and Persons

WHEN THE MAINE SANK

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

FOLLOWING, with copies of the challenges sent to General Fitzhugh Lee and Admiral Sigsbee, is the story of how the military attaché of the royal Spanish legation in Washington sought to prevent the Spanish-American War by duels which he hoped would satisfy the involved honors of the two countries. It is a story that has never before been made public. The records have remained undisclosed either by the principals or by my father, to whom they were entrusted under the circumstances hereinafter related, and who was the first to open up foreign embassies as sources of news and later headed the foreign service of the world's largest news-gathering organization. He was the one American in the Spanish legation the day when diplomatic relations were severed.

The roar of excited crowds outside the legation was muffled by the heavy curtains drawn across the windows. In spite of its being broad day, the room had to be lighted by lamps because of the measures taken for privacy. A cordon of police had been thrown around the building. Crowds were surging down all the streets that converged on the legation.

"Remember the Maine!" was the repeated cry to be heard above the roar of the mob. It may be recalled, in order to conceive the background of the events to be narrated, that two officers and 250 men of the warship Maine had been killed by the mysterious explosion at night in Havana harbor. Prior to that, the American public had long been following with interest and sympathy the revolutionary activities of the Cubans to free themselves from Spain. The Spanish had resented this interest, had accused Americans of smuggling arms to the revolutionaries, and of financing and fostering their discontent. In the general disorder at Havana, American citizens had been threatened and President McKinley had dispatched the Maine to Havana harbor to take off American citizens in case serious emergency arose. The Spanish acutely resented what they considered the intrusion of an American vessel of war into their affairs. Figuratively the eyes of both countries were centered on the incident. Then the fatal explosion had occurred, and America with old-fashioned patriotic fervor and unanimity was for war.

This feeling had been sustained in suspense while a commission appointed by President McKinley had investigated the claim made by Spanish officials that the explosion of the Maine had resulted from spontaneous combustion in a powder magazine. The commission sought to determine, in short, whether the wreckage of the vessel gave evidence of its having been blown outward, as would have resulted from an internal explosion, or whether it had been blown inward, as would have resulted from the external explosion of a mine placed beneath the keel.

The two persons on the American side most important in the determination of the facts, were Captain Sigsbee, later admiral, who had been aboard the Maine at the time of the explosion and was its commander, and General Fitzhugh Lee, American consul general at Havana, who in his official position was the figure of the much-disliked American residents.

The commission reported that the keel of the vessel had been bent inward. War was inevitable. Diplomatic relations between the two countries, Spain and America, were being severed.

Paulo y'Barnabe, royal Spanish minister to the United States, a small and greying man, sat in the room, sunk into a large chair, while secretaries and servants came and went with details of the preparations for his departure. He was to go to Canada, the nearest frontier, and from there was to be given safe escort back to Spain on an English warship.

Outside, the noisy crowds, whose temper might be taken for a gauge of the national temper throughout America, had thrown filth at the escutcheon bearing the royal Spanish coat of arms above the door of the legation. Emergency squads of police were arriving down Massachusetts Avenue in clanging horse-drawn patrols. Jeers and insults mingled with the cry of "Remember the Maine!"

Lieutenant Ramon de Carranza, the naval attaché of the legation, whose offices also comprised those of military attaché, as there was no one to fill the latter function at the time, came into the room. He was a tall, slim Spaniard, with a dark moustache, of the type generally considered typical of the Spanish aristocrat. After having consulted with y'Barnabe, he withdrew.

Soon there was a clatter of hoofs before the entrance to the legation, and through the window could be seen a closed carriage drawn by a fine pair. Lord Pauncefaute, British ambassador, entered the room. He grasped y'Barnabe warmly by the hand, and expressed his commiserations.

Y'Barnabe shrugged his shoulders. "It is monstrous! monstrous! But I have been unavailing."

After a consultation between the two royal emissaries and an affectionate farewell, Lord Pauncefaute withdrew. Y'Barnabe settled himself once more to wait for the delivery of his passports.

There was a ring at the chancelry entrance of the legation. In a few minutes an old darky, known to the intimates of the State Department as "Eddie," who was accustomed to stand outside Secretary of State John Sherman's office door to run errands, appeared

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in the room, and bowing amiably, proffered y'Barnabe a rectangular package. This the minister opened.

For a minute he seemed stunned. In the package he had found his passports. It was incredible to one accustomed to the pomp of European courts that this shambling, smiling darky, in baggy clothes, was to convey the last official transaction of the government of the United States with the royal Spanish minister. Not even a secretary of the State Department sent to extend the last official courtesies of the United States to the royal Spanish minister? It was an insult!

"Yes, suh," said Eddie, nodding and smiling. "Mr. Sherman asked me to give these papers to you pussonally. They's your passports, he said."

Y'Barnabe had his wigged and silk-breeched valet take the package and place it on a table. Then with a sweep of his arm he dismissed Eddie.

"This is the last straw," he said to Mr. Thompson. "It certainly seems extraordinary that one great country should see fit to do its last business with the representative of another great country in such a fashion." He shook his head, failing in his sense of his personal importance in the events then transpiring to see any relieving humor in the democratic action of Mr. Sherman. The latter no doubt, in simplicity, had had farthest from his thought any intention of seeking to affront the departing minister.

Throughout the day, the emissaries of France and other countries called to pay their formal adieux to the Spanish minister. After the last of these callers had been seen, y'Barnabe, haggard with fatigue, went through the legation bidding farewell to those retainers who, not being of Spanish nationality, would be left behind.

His carriage, blazoned with the royal crest of Spain, was waiting at the door to carry him to the station. Here a special train would take him and his retinue to Canada. A detachment of cavalry from Fort Meyer, the army post near Washington, clattered up and deployed in a hollow square about the carriage.

When the small figure of the minister appeared at the legation entrance, the crowds assembled outside behind restraining lines of police emitted a roar of catcalls and hisses. He quickly entered the cab.

In it, at his side, sat Lieutenant Carranza. On the seat facing them were Mr. Cauldron Carlysles, who had acted as counselor for the Spanish legation, and Mr. Thompson.

A sharp command was given. The sabres of the cavalry escort flashed to a position of carry arms, and with a clatter of hoofs and a roar of disapproval from the crowds, the little cavalcade moved down Massachusetts Avenue.

On the way, y'Barnabe, in the curtained darkness within the cab, spoke to Mr. Thompson. He had to raise his voice to be heard above the noise of the crowd lining the sidewalks on both sides of the street.

"Two letters," he said, "have been sent today by Lieutenant Carranza, with my approval, one to General Fitzhugh Lee and the other to Captain Sigsbee, challenging them to duels to be fought in Canada. Perhaps in this way our two countries may feel their honor to be satisfied without the wholesale shedding of the blood of our young men in war. If we do not hear from these two gentlemen, copies of our letters shall be sent to you, so that you may publish them."

With a gesture of finality his excellency sank back in his seat and closed his eyes. During the remainder of the journey, no one in the cab sought to make himself heard above the constant and tiring roaring of the crowds along the way.

In a few days Mr. Thompson received in Washington the following letter:

> Dear Mr. Thompson:—I have not yet heard from Mr. Lee or Mr. Sigsbee and as soon as I hear from either of them I shall let you know.
>
> I remain,
>
> Yours very truly,
> Ramon de Carranza.

About a week later Mr. Thompson received the following letter:

> Toronto.
>
> Dear Sir:—The stipulated time having elapsed, two days ago, I herewith send copies of the letters I addressed to Captain Sigsbee and General Fitzhugh Lee in the afternoon of April 20. Up to the present no reply has been received by me from these gentlemen, only two telegrams not signed—the first April 27:
>
> "Philadelphia.
>
> "Your delayed letter to Sigsbee answered today if Navy Department will forward reply."
>
> The second received today, April 30:
>
> "Philadelphia.
>
> "Captain Sigsbee cannot as he desires send Lieutenant Carranza a kind letter of unbroken courtesy."
>
> I don't make any remarks about all this affair, but I hope the gentlemen of the United States will judge it.
>
> Many unknown people have, however, written me letters of vulgar abuse in the subject as offering to fight me.
>
> I am, with my best consideration, yours truly,
>
> Ramon de Carranza.

Enclosed with this, were two letters, on the same stationery as the above—written in De Carranza's own hand. The first, to Captain Sigsbee, was as follows:

> Washington, D. C.
>
> To the Captain Charles Sigsbee.
>
> Sir:—I have read that you expressed the opinion that as there were so many idle Spanish officers at Havana, one of them would well have placed the torpedo or mine, which according to the American Court of Inquiry, destroyed the U. S. S. Maine.
>
> I request you to inform me whether you assume the responsibility of an assertion so offensive to the Spanish officers in which case I would say that he who, without adequate proof, would thus judge of the honor of others, is himself evidently devoid of honor or lamentably lack-

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ing in it, however strange this may be in a member of a corps whose honor is known.

I shall await your pleasure at Toronto eight days, my address there, at the Spanish consulate, Toronto.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

Lieutenant Ramon de Carranza,
Spanish Royal Navy.

The other letter was:

Washington, D. C.

To the General Fitzhugh Lee.

Sir:—According to newspaper reports, you have stated before a committee of the Senate investigating the destruction of the U. S. S. Maine that you had always the idea that some of the Spanish officers of the Havana arsenal were guilty of setting off the torpedo or submarine mine, which the American Court of Inquiry says was the cause of the disaster above referred to.

Being today free from the restraint that my official position with the royal Spanish legation here necessarily imposed upon me, I wish now to say that, in my opinion, the man who can, without adequate proof, judge others capable of committing such a fiendish deed is himself capable of perpetrating it.

You have wantonly calumniated Spanish naval officers as a body and if you are a man of honor, before going to Cuba, as it is said you wish to fight my fellow-officers and men, you will meet me as a representative of the body you have insulted.

To the foul insults you have endeavored to heap upon Spain, the Spaniards and the Spanish army, I could, if I were like you, respond by heaping similar insults upon your country and people, but in the first place I cannot hold the whole country and all the people, the great majority of whom I esteem and respect, responsible for the vaporings of a minority which has misled and poisoned public opinion, and in the second because the conduct of a gentleman is always different from that you have thought fit to adopt.

I shall wait your pleasure at Toronto, eight days, my address there, at the Spanish consulate, Toronto.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

Lieutenant Ramon de Carranza, S.R.N.

"I shall wait your pleasure at Toronto, eight days . . ." These portentous words in the formal style of challenges following the old code of the duello, had they been accepted—which of course was preposterous to the American mind—would have involved the sending of seconds to Toronto, who would have arranged the delicate matter of the weapons. By the wording of Lieutenant Carranza's challenges, it was implied that the American gentlemen would have the pleasure of choosing whether it should be swords or pistols, and in case of the choice of the latter, they would have the further pleasure of choosing at what distance and in what manner the duels should take place.

Whoever in Washington was privileged to see the challenges at the time, not only found it inadvisable to make them public, but also, no doubt, quite forgot them in the wild turmoil which swept the country as preparations were made to deal death in large ways.

FORM

By TERENCE O'DONNELL

WHEN the story of church unity is at length written, one rather hopes that to architects no less than exegists full credit will be given. For that there is something providential in the present planning of church architecture no thinking Christian can deny. Whether it is the renaissance of Gothic architecture itself which holds the key to the secret, or whether there has been an unconscious rebellion against the Puritan concept of the church as a meeting-house, the fact remains that denominational church architecture today in all countries is following the cruciform plan, is making provision for the sanctuary, is paving the way to the return of the altar.

One feels, therefore, that our architect friends are doing their share, and perhaps unconsciously, toward realization of the Church's continual prayer that all may become one. I say "unconsciously"; but this adverb can certainly not apply to the architect's exercise of his particular talent, which embraces the artist's conception of form and the engineer's faculty for giving it being. Here indeed the architect is without doubt fully conscious.

What is form? Bulwer has said that ". . . the artist never seeks to represent truth, but the idealized image of truth." That is as closely as one may dare a definition. If we seek farther back among the Greek sages, we may recall Plato's suggestion that all we image here is but the imperfect semblance of perfection existent elsewhere. It is undeniable that over the long course of the Church's early history, she no less than her builders began closely to approximate this secret, and the middle-ages brought her gloriously and perilously near the threshold. One faces the so-called Reformation then with mingled feelings of bafflement and dismay. Something of infinite grandeur was on the verge of unfolding, of being discovered. What was it? Again the answer must be form: magnificent; colossal; universal.

In ecclesiastical architecture form exists only in so far as the church makes provision for the altar. It was the altar which existed first; the temple is but the shrine for the altar. That architects sense this fact inalienably is perhaps because perception of form is the inherent talent of an artist, and the architect functions only in his fullest power when his talent as an artist enjoys free scope.

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In an age wherein structural advances are making ancient construction methods obsolete, it is curious how this idea of ecclesiastical form persists, and here the architect no less than the clergyman is its custodian. Let us grant that ministers of denominational faiths have heard the unmistakable call which justifies their ministry; for, granting that, there must come with it a perception of other things inalienable to such ministry. The denominational minister must wonder at times whether his ideal of service demands the importance accorded to preaching in all evangelical faiths; whether he is not a trifle weary of a prophetic ministry, which preaching after all implies. There must come times even to the most evangelical of pastors when he ponders upon and hungers for the sacrificial aspect of worship, but the road thence has been long; the liturgy has long since been lost in the mist of post-Reformation centuries. It is not too much to state that in his new liturgical groupings the architect has become his guide. For here is a man, not merely coöperating by suggesting a church plan symbolistic of the one Church remaining sacrificial in its worship; but also an artist, whose unerringly correct visualization of form cannot imagine the church structure except as growing logically in its function from the altar.

Yet architects, sensible as they must be of their utilitarian function in the structural field, may likewise (God bless them!) scoff at, for instance, the writer's imputation to them of a sort of priesthood of art. I think we may let the evidences speak for themselves, both in the meagre present and the fuller future. Therefore, every worthwhile structure Catholics continue to erect for their worship is of value, is a chain vital, if we wish to continue to verify by the genius of the architect the correctness of his unconsciously inviolable concept of form. It is his link with the great tradition, the channel wherewith his conceptions can find nourishment even though he sails the stream which waters as yet alien fields.

I have in mind a handsome Presbyterian church in a certain city, whose Gothic splendor is accentuated by the fidelity with which its plan follows mediaeval use. Here the architect was faced with the necessity of providing both sanctuary, altar and reredos; when, as anyone knows, the Presbyterian form of worship acknowledges none of these; a communion table, I grant you, but nothing more. It matters not that in the magnificent reredos fat choristers now find their living niches in place of angular Gothic saints. Some day these surpliced anachronisms will displace themselves, the communion table move to the reredos, and the way will be paved for liturgical worship and reunion with that Church they faithfully acknowledge when they recite the Creed—and perhaps without knowing why.

Another great university has recently gemmed its campus with a splendid Gothic chapel, and the service is a modified form of Baptist worship. When a young Episcopalian minister of my acquaintance discussed with its incumbent the poverty of a "sanctuary" whose deacons' seats faced the congregation under the canopy of what the architect hoped to indicate as a reredos, his comment brought this surprising rejoinder: "I agree with you; we must have an altar sometime, somehow—by hook or crook!"

In fact, when one stops to look over the many other Gothic structures which dot our campuses everywhere, one may well envisage a time, not so far in the future, when economic pressure may make lay faculties too priceless and unobtainable. One wonders, then, whether into these Gothic cloisters their true complement will come, and religious orders undertake teaching therein. It is this form, then, which will aid education to resume its sacramental function; sacramental, since knowledge exists by right only in so far as we come thereby to a perception of God through His evidences and works. But this is an aside; a theory for more astute prophets than myself to follow.

No one dares deny that with few exceptions our own Catholic churches could not, until the present generation, lay any pretensions either to good architecture or good taste. We were still a missionary organization; the financial handicaps were great; the school perforce became combined with the church as befitted her conception that education and worship complemented and supplemented the other. One wondered, contemplating the architectural monstrosities among our own and the denominational churches, where and when the innate good taste of the early colonial builders had departed the land.

The growth of population, travel and the opportunity for acquired culture has in part remedied all this; so that, in spite of the oft-heard remark that the Catholic Church is of an alien culture, the evidence to the contrary is sufficiently widespread to silence. For the fact remains that, while denominational churches are appropriating the Catholic ecclesiastical form, the Church itself which still embodies the true concept of form finds that form ready to its hand in whatever school or form of architecture it cares to adventure. Witness the exquisite chapel at Mundelein Seminary, near Chicago, where the form of a Congregational meeting-house has been boldly adapted to Catholic use, with the altars supplying the fit answer to the austere poverty of a structure once sacred to pulpit alone.

In Liverpool, Scott, a Roman Catholic, has designed the glorious new Anglican cathedral; in New York, Cram, an Episcopalian, may live to see the completion of the magnificent new cathedral of Saint John the Divine. Architects, provided they remain sincere and faithful to their talent, will continue to draw strength from those hidden resources which constitute the inspiration of true artists. So long as they strive to give us their conception of form they remain transcendentalists whose revelations are valuable; and we may rely upon their oncoming fortresses of spiritual conservation as hastening the day when "Ichabod" no longer shall be written over the denominational portico. Form then will come into its own—unique, eternal, indivisible.

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SLINGS AND ARROWS

By MARGARET B. CROOK

"TELL me something about America," he suggested, "this is my first time over and I don't want to be called a tenderfoot."

"I have never heard the word used in the East," I said, "the worst that they would call you would be a foreigner."

"But I'm not a foreigner, I'm British, of the same race and stock as the founders of the country."

"The country was founded quite a while ago," I answered reflectively. "You belong to the prehistoric levels."

"How do they regard the motherland?" he inquired.

"Are you thinking of the dominions?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "of the United States."

"They jealously maintain the English language against all comers; they celebrate with enthusiasm the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington and other such days; they will go to no end of trouble to show you the vantage points and will invite you when the day comes to share the enjoyment; they are very fond of the farmers who 'chased the red-coats down the lane.'"

"Those red-coats were Hessians."

"They don't realize it," I replied.

I thought that he would be discouraged; but not at all, he returned to the charge at every meal.

"You say, 'they guard the English language jealously,'" he began.

"Yes," I replied, "they are conservative in their phraseology which is at times reminiscent of the days of the spinning-wheel. Ask in any store for a reel of cotton and they will insist that what you want is a 'spool of thread.' But just try to furnish a house over there and you realize the difference; things are all mixed up. Take windows for instance, shutters are 'blinds,' blinds are 'shades,' shades are 'awnings.'"

"Mercy!" he interjected, "Does that apply to everything?"

"It goes all through the house and covers your personal belongings. You must discover what other people call things and then copy them."

"Isn't there something supine about that? I shall just ask for what I want." He left the table.

We took our food English fashion, it was a British ship. He ordered porridge and pudding every day.

"In ten days' time you'll call your porridge 'cereal,'" I stated.

"I've called it porridge all my life," he muttered.

"Pudding will go too, both the name and the thing itself."

"I've had pudding every day of my life!" he protested.

"You will eat," I continued relentlessly, "with your fork in your right hand."

"Never!" he declared.

"And you will drink large quantities of cold water."

"That I cannot believe. Tea, as much as you like, but not cold water."

"Tea will be tinged to a gentle yellow, they will give it to you iced and with lemon in it."

"I shall do none of these things."

At Christmas time I received a greeting card upon which under the printed words he had written:

"I eat with my fork in my right hand and I drink cold water in unbelievable quantities."

His greeting left me asking myself, "Am I assimilated?" When I had offered him on board ship points that he would not accept I had concluded that I was so. But considering the speed with which he had made the initial adjustments he could no doubt give me points by now. I suppose that he has long since taken out his first papers and either married an American or trained a British wife in the use of a kitchenette.

But am I assimilated? All Americans are sensitive in a national way concerning what other peoples think of them; they are fascinated even when exasperated by the opinion of the casual traveler. I do not find sensitivity of this kind growing upon me. I come from a country where anyone may be a crank and no objection is raised, where one's expression may be anything that is not too animated. But here a certain fundamental conformity of expression is asked of everyone. Everyone must look brightly intelligent. I once rode on top of an Oxford bus wearing my American face and strangers in the street below began to wave their hands at me.

When I go back to England they tell me that I am "all right," but that I "sometimes use a wrong word." Here from day to day I keep discovering that I have been using wrong words for years; and I still have to shop asking for "so and so, if that's what you call it in this country."

English correspondents begin to sense a rift in our common view upon familiar topics. "Naturally," they write, apropos of nothing that they specify, "you are in process of assimilation and it must inevitably be so."

It is perfectly true that I am no longer content to be wholly British: I love America; but on the other hand I do not want to confine my nationality even to the expansive limits of the United States. Perhaps I am even now on the way to assimilation of world-citizenship and feel a little awkward about it because, although world-citizenship for nations is now quite an old idea, that of world-citizenship for the individual is less familiar; standards are scarcely in process of formation. What must a world-citizen look like, I mean with regard to his facial expression? Breadth of interest must somehow communicate itself to his countenance as the antithesis of the limitless complacency that is conveyed upon the features of the convinced single-nationalist. I could never contemplate "our world" through the medium of an expression indicative of a limited citizenship.

How would a world-citizen walk? The American walks with vigor when he does not ride. The English-

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man lopes or strides. Neither of these is world gaits. The American is out to stretch himself. The Englishman walks to cover the ground and he does not vary his gait even when he walks for pleasure. The Oriental does better. He walks as if all space and all time were at his disposal; he has a dignity and a certain beauty of swing. He has more nearly acquired the motion of world-citizenship than have some of us.

I remember once reading a poem in which there was a refrain to the effect that he who loves two countries never knows peace again. World-citizenship might assuage this unrest, for surely in these days of travel I am not the only one to feel it.

I believe that there is a kind of first-earth sense acquired in infancy from the land with which one comes earliest into contact that will never be downed; that the first-remembered odors of spring and summer are imperishable. But need they be associated only with a given forty millions of population? Cannot motherland be regarded as a daughter of mother-earth? That might rub off our knobby corners and set our minds to the pageant of the seasons and the rhythm of the tides. We might sweep the horizon as with the rays of the searchlight seeing places and peoples in their spherical proportions, not forgetting that we share with the antipodes the common service of the sun and moon.

A FLING AT THE UNFAIR

By T. A. DALY

ALL my life I have had unfair women on my trail. It is not, mind you, of individual unfair women that I speak but of an organized flock of them.

I was born of poor-but-honest parents in 1871. The Women's Christian Temperance Union first saw the light (pardon the phrase) in 1874. Thus, I had three years' start. But what has that availed me, or even *you*, dear reader? We shall see.

For a long time we—Nemesis and I—were mutually unaware of each other's existence; and the world, indeed, took little note of either of us. This, so far as I am concerned, may be partially due to the fact that I have always been small for my age, and to the further fact that I was early immured in a Catholic boarding-school, where welcome visitors seldom—and the W. C. T. U. never—intruded.

It was not until I had passed on to, and through, college, where I majored in baseball and cigarette smoking, that I first encountered the enemy. I was then a very young and green reporter, drawing a weekly wage of $8.00 from a Philadelphia morning newspaper. I feel that I really earned this generous stipend, because every day, in addition to my routine work, I tossed off a batch of side-splitting jests.

By this time—and the time was the gay nineties—the W. C. T. U. had grown up and was adding to the gaiety of the nation, too. But if we who laughed then had only known! Come, come! let us get on with the story.

Our heroine (?) was little more than sweet sixteen when she entered upon a crusade against rum in the little town of Bridgeton, in southern New Jersey. There had been much trumpeting in advance of the event, and so a half-dozen of us gentlemen of the press went down from Philadelphia to Bridgeton for to see.

The parade started at midday. The W. C. T. U., with white badges (the line forming for the right) led us to—but not into—every saloon in town, and there were many of them. Speeches were made and hymns were sung. That took all afternoon. In the evening came the grand climax—a meeting in the ladies' parlor of the town's largest saloon. "Come on in!" the publican had said, "we don't gener'ly allow no disturbance in here, but you ladies can go as fur as you like."

They did. They settled down to what promised to be a long dry session. Sister So-and-so began proceedings by going through the audience, giving the hand of fellowship to everyone who responded properly to her greeting. We gentlemen of the press had had enough, and what we had was still to be written and put in type, so we started to file out. But Sister So-and-so reached out and caught me by the arm:

"Friend, are you a Christian?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," I replied, earnestly, "I'm a reporter."

She released me, and I followed my mates into exterior darkness.

What appeared in my paper the next morning was not pleasing to the W. C. T. U. Still it was a fair piece of reporting. It has always been difficult for me to please the W. C. T. U. Once I was blamed for saying this:

"The Women's Christian Temperance Union is an organization of earnest women who are doing the Devil's work."

But it was not my fault that the compositor left out the quotation marks. The words are not mine. They were spoken about thirty years ago by a distinguished Protestant Episcopal clergyman, the late Reverend Dr. Rainsford, of New York.

Far from pursuing those women, I have always striven strenuously to keep out of their way. Whenever, in those old reporting days, I was assigned to cover a W. C. T. U. affair it was my habit to frequent instead the delightful purlieus of Reisser's Rathskeller (dried up this many a year) and there dally with foamy half-litres of Pilsener or Muenchener. Notwithstanding this, the women have followed me.

I said a moment ago that it has always been difficult for me to say or write anything pleasing to the W. C. T. U. That is not quite true. I did write something, many years ago, that almost—but not quite—got into a W. C. T. U. textbook. It was this:

W'at for you call me "Dago Man,"
  An' mak' so badda face?
Ees no room for Eetalian
  Een deesa bigga place?

I s'pose you are more better dan
  Da Dago Man could be
But pleassa, Meester 'Merican,
  I ask you wait and see.

How long you leeve een deesa land?
  Eh? Thirta-seven year?
Ees onla seexa mont', my frand,
  Seence I am comin' here.

I weesh you geeve me time for try
  An' see w'at I can do.
So mebbe I gon' be, bimeby,
  So gooda man like you.

Baycause I am so strong, I guess
  I gon' do pretta wal.
So long I 'tand to beezaness
  An' jus' bayhave mysal'.

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My leetla cheeldren, too, ees strong—
Eh? You no gotta none?
You married, meester? Eh? How long?
Twalve year! an' no got wan?

Oh, I am sad for you, my frand—
Eh? Why you laugh at me?
Escuse! I do not ondrastand;
I am so strange, you see.

My "keeds ees no good breed," you say?
Ah! wal, ees mebbe not,
But dey weell be more good som' day
Dan dose you don'ta got;

An' dey be stronga 'Merican,
More strong dan you are, too.
Ees notta many Dago Man
So skeenny lika you.

Oh! please, my frand, no getta mad!
Shak' han' bayfore you go.
Escusa me! I am so sad
Fer speakin' to you so.

But why you call me "Dago Man"
An' mak' so badda face?
Ees no room for Eetalian
Een deesa bigga place?

Some years later a reprint of those verses came back to me with this letter, written on the stationery of the State Superintendent of the W. C. T. U.

"Dear sir, I am writing you to ask of you permission to use a poem of yours published in one of our city papers a few years ago. The title of the poem is Apologia Pro Vita Sua.

"I am compiling a little booklet on Americanization, and I have added several verses to your poem introducing the temperance thought. Of course I would give you the credit for your part of the poem. The booklet will be used as a medal contest reciter. It is not a money-making scheme. I'd be very glad if you gave your permission. If you have any other, or would feel in a mood to write another for us, I would personally be very grateful. I am enclosing the poem with the addition. Kindly return same with your reply.

"Yours expectantly,
"Mrs. W. B. Dingman."

And here are the lines Mrs. Dingman wished to insert between the last two verses of the original:

"But wait my friend, I like to ask
Now tella please to me,
Baycause I do not understan',
I am so strange, you see.

W'at for you have so much saloon
Een deesa bigga lan'?
An' mans for drink go evra day,
Until he know can stan'.

Beer ees no good, I leeves heem be,
He's maka man a fool.
I see too much bad w'at he do.
I keepa my head cool.

Eef wine an' beer goes eenside me,
Den all da good goes out.
I letta pizon stuff alone
I know w'at I'se about.

I saf my mon, I no drink beer
I saf Eetalian too,
I tella alla folks I know
'Beer ees no good for you!'"

What the author wrote to his would-be collaborator need not be gone into here, execept to say that it was prompt and sharp—and perhaps too long and hot; that it denied the possibility of any sane Italian holding such views upon wine and beer; and that, finally, it served upon Mrs. Dingman a strict injunction against the use of any of the author's writings to further the cause of prohibition. This last must have greatly shocked the lady, for was not the Eighteenth Commandment even then a part of the constitution of this great an' glorious republic? It was and it still is.

Long, long ago, when this republic was young, somebody said "Let me make the nation's songs and I care not who makes its laws," or words to that effect. We cannot, it seems, prevent this "organization of earnest women" from making our laws, but may we not protest against their breaking in upon our songs?

The answer, probably, is no; and this belated bleating over a grievance that has lain hid in my craven bosom for more than a decade may set the W. C. T. U. again upon my trail.

COMMUNICATIONS

GANDHI'S INDIA

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:—Your editorial of May 21 on Gandhi's India poses a question in three brief words that is today agitating minds over the entire civilized world—the momentous question, "What is India?"

Having asked the question, you proceed at once to answer it. Your answer, however, fails to satisfy some of us who know India a little from the inside, who approach it, perhaps, a little more sympathetically, having probed a little deeper beneath the surface. Let us examine a few of the statements taken at random from your article.

"Caste feeling," you say, "sets up [in India] insurmountable barriers." Now anyone who knows Gandhi's India at all must admit that the first requisite for being allowed to enter that state is to have laid caste feeling aside. According to Gandhi's doctrine, preached in season and out of season, to be a "Satyagrahi," that is, one capable of offering civil disobedience in his sense, must have purged all hatred from his heart. The Brahman must be ready at any time to take the place of a sweeper, and must have given indisputable proof that he looks upon the so-called "untouchable" as his brother or sister. In innumerable cases the caste barrier has been surmounted, and is daily being surmounted, more and more effectively all over India.

Again you say "the creeds which have been nursed in it [India] have no power of compatibility." As a matter of fact from the very earliest times, Hinduism, which is the religion of the vast majority of the people of India, has been famous for its spirit of broad toleration. Once and once only in its age-long history, did Hinduism rise up and cast out a religious sect and that sect was Buddhism. This was centuries upon centuries ago and for a very definite reason not pertinent here. The recent religious upheavals in India have been largely the result, not of incompatibility in the Indian temperament, but of the working out of the 1919 "reforms" based as they were upon that clever policy of Great Britain, pointed out by the historian Hume, "divida et impera." The "Communal representation"

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instituted by those "reforms" has produced a situation in India very similar to what would happen in the United States if we were suddenly called upon to remold ourselves politically along lines of our religious beliefs and to accept representation according to whether we happened to be Protestants, Catholics or Jews. In the words of Madame de Stael: "Liberty is ancient; it is tyranny that is modern."

Furthermore it seems a rather premature statement regarding "Gandhi's famous community of Sabaramati," when you say it is "only a kind of Brookfarm or Ruskinian guild." Brookfarm has passed into history, therefore it is quite safe to dogmatize regarding it; not so the Satyagraha Ashram. That the latter is a vital living force none knows better than the present rulers of India. India for 500 years submitted to Moslem rulers, but in her soul remained unconquered. England too has ruled India but has never conquered her, as Englishmen themselves have frequently proclaimed. The task still remains to be performed and the vital question is: *Can* England conquer India? It is indeed easy to rail against Gandhi, to point out his absurdities, to seek to belittle the movement of which he is the soul. To quell that movement is a very different matter. And the question touches all of us. In spite of our talk about "parity," England still polices the seas. India is the keystone of the arch of the British empire; without India the arch falls. The question then "What is India?" is undoubtedly the most important in the entire world politics of today.

ELIZABETH S. KITE.

FROM TEMPERANCE TO WHEELERISM

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of April 16 last appeared an article by Ernest Sutherland Bates, entitled From Temperance to Wheelerism. I would hesitate to appeal to you for the opportunity to reply if Mr. Bates's article had not appeared in a Catholic publication, with the implication, if not the direct charge, that the Anti-saloon League is hypocritical and insincere. As a Catholic, in common with all Catholics, I have suffered my share of opprobrium and misrepresentation; and I regret to see a Catholic publication lend itself to an attack upon those who, during past convulsions of anti-Catholic bigotry, stood by us when we were well-nigh helpless against the storm.

Mr. Bates has evidently thrown all of his fat into the fire, and the result is a very thin blaze. I knew Wayne B. Wheeler fairly well during his lifetime, and I venture to say there were few finer, gentler or more charitable characters. He would have thought it beneath him to have singled out people of our faith and have said or intimated the things Mr. Bates says of him and his religious associates.

It is time that the impression that prohibition is Protestant and anti-Catholic be blotted out. Catholic priests and bishops worked hand in hand with the Anti-saloon League in the West. They did not think it hypocritical. They looked upon it as an organization of sane, well-meaning men who had witnessed the harvest of liquor until they could submit in patience to it no longer and determined to put a stop to it. And because they saw the evil and were the first to lead against it, is that just cause for ridicule and condemnation? The movement was gradual, and its most effective protagonists were not the church people, but the saloon and its friends. These latter furnished most of the ammunition.

Mr. Bates declares that "prohibition—difficult though it may be to believe—actually began as a relatively sane 'temperance' movement." Just so. But those who had preached temperance for half a century felt, as Father Theobold Mathew felt in his later years, that temperance was a lost cause, and that preaching had little effect upon the whirlpool of drink which shipwrecked its thousands every year. They reluctantly concluded there was only one way to stop it, namely, to prohibit the traffic altogether. That it will be successfully prohibited may be doubted now by those who put their acquired appetite above the welfare of the human race, but they are in the minority—a minority that will grow constantly smaller. There was a time when it was as much of a personal disgrace to refuse to drink intoxicating liquors as it was to refuse to engage in mortal combat on the field of honor.

Mr. Bates censures the Anti-saloon League for accepting the votes of office-holders who are not teetotalers. He points his pen indignantly at Wayne B. Wheeler, the Anti-saloon League and all other prohibitionists because he thinks they would deprive the individual of the liberty to drink what he pleases. He blames them, in other words, for not discriminating between the one who drinks his liquor and the one who does not. But there is no distinction in the law. Why, therefore, should the Anti-saloon League treat them as criminals? If they are good enough for Mr. Bates—and they seem to be his friends—they ought to be good enough for the Anti-saloon League. I have known men to vote for prohibition who were drunkards. They felt prohibition was their only salvation. The Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act prohibit only the manufacture, sale and transportation of liquor. It was the profit in the business that the law sought to reach—although the law-makers might well have known that no matter how carefully they framed the law, there would be a brattling chorus thundering in Sinaic tones that the law was a sumptuary law and deprived the citizen of his liberty. Is it depriving anybody of any right to prohibit him from manufacturing, selling or transporting intoxicating liquor for profit, a thing that has always been regulated and taxed when it was permitted at all?

Of course, there is graft, as Mr. Bates says. But is that a new thing in this land of lotus-eaters? And is prohibition to be blamed? As well might we blame oil for the oil scandals, or justice for the crimes of its ministers. We will have to grapple with this evil, but when we look for it we will not stop at prohibition and its enforcement.

It is quite conceivable that with the amazing propaganda now going on against prohibition, we may repeat on a national scale the experience of several of our states, which first went dry, and then, under the influence of propaganda, recanted and returned to their wallow, to be eventually convinced by repentance that there was only the one way out—prohibition even at its worst.

C. P. CONNOLLY.

THE PRESBYTERIAN VOTE

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editor:—According to newspaper reports, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church voted down an effort to have eliminated from their Confession of Faith the following: "Such as professed the true reformed religion should not marry with infidels, papists and other idolators."

The ban on mixed marriages is of little consequence to Catholics because their own Church disapproves of, nay, forbids them. However, one is amazed that an episcopal body would allow to remain unchanged the wording of a resolution which infers that Catholics are idolators. Another objectionable term is the derogatory "papists" from which can be drawn no other meaning than that we are followers of the Pope.

ELSIE A. GALIK.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Milestones

IT BECOMES increasingly evident each year that something must be done to maintain intact, for more than the allotted week, the revivals put on by the Players Club. Such performances as Becky Sharp last year and Milestones this year should never become mere memories until they have lived the long and sturdy lives their rich excellence merits.

In a sense, Milestones—that prewar play of three generations by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock—is the most significant production of the Players to date. There is not a star (in the technical meaning of that word) in the cast. A number of the actors are what Broadway terms "featured players." The distinction is an important one in the theatrical world. The name of a star is placed before the name of the play—as, "So-and-so presents Mrs. Fiske in The Rivals"—whereas the names of featured players follow the name of the play—as, "Jed Harris presents Uncle Vanya with Walter Connolly and Osgood Perkins." A minor producer will sometimes star a player temporarily to add to his own producing prestige, but those whose names are always billed first, under whatever management they appear, are few and conspicuous. In the past, the Players have generally included one or two first-magnitude stars in their revivals and a long list of distinguished featured players —Otis Skinner as Falstaff, for example, or Mary Ellis in Becky Sharp. But the cast of Milestones is conspicuous for its extreme excellence unbenumbed by either cold starlight or brilliantly featured personalities. The result is vastly encouraging. Such perfection of ensemble is rarely to be found on any stage.

It is at least seventeen years since I last saw Milestones. My lingering impressions were of a rather solemn play, distinctly artificial in many of its twists and turns, and rather lacking in the deep humanity which warms the heart. The brittleness of plot remains in the Players production (that forced repetition of incident in succeeding generations) but in all else it has taken on glow, warmth and color. It emerges from the drabness of a social preachment on progressives and reactionaries into a story of real human lives, torn and tortured by egotism and arrogance and duped into submission by the appeals of selfish sentimentality. As the Players have re-created it, it is primarily a play of youth.

It is hard to say through just what magic two directors can bring out quite opposite values in a play of this sort. But the fact that plays lend themselves, in spite of fixed lines and situations, to just this kind of alchemy is part of the fascination of the theatre. Take any play dealing with parents and children, whether it be Milestones, Romeo and Juliet or Abie's Irish Rose, and try the experiment of reading it twice—once from the viewpoint of the parents, and again from the viewpoint of the children. The difference in feeling you will gather from it is quite amazing, even though most plays of the kind are written in entire sympathy with the younger group. In the case of an acted play, it is largely the director who determines for you which viewpoint you will take. By toning down the bitterness or the cynicism or the hardness of age, the director can make you feel the tragedy of advancing years and hold it before you until it overshadows the bright enthusiasm of all the youth on the stage. Or, by exaggerating the unreasonableness of those who have forgotten their own youth, he can make the tender fire of the young illumine the entire picture. Very subtly and with infinite care and delicacy, Henry Stillman has staged this revival of Milestones in terms of youth—youth constantly reborn, forever seeking the plenitude of summer in the winds of spring.

The most notable performances are those of Dorothy Stickney, Tom Powers and (for the first two acts) Beulah Bondi. Comparisons are a trifle unfair, since only these three parts carry through all the acts. They are the only ones demanding the extreme versatility of youth, middle age and old age. Miss Stickney carries the transition with perfect poise and adjustment. Tom Powers indicates not only the physical but the mental changes with genuine insight. Miss Bondi, who is one of our best character actresses, fails only in the third act, during which she shoves her voice to an unnaturally high and nasal pitch in a mistaken effort to indicate the feebleness of age.

Others deserving special mention are Ernest Cossart, for his pompous Ned Pym, Warburton Gamble for a thoroughly beefy Sam Sibley, Selena Royle for the excellent character change she portrays in Emily, and Catherine Willard for a portrait of Nancy, the ex-typist, which does not depend on obvious exaggeration. Herbert Ransom is particularly forthright and effective as Arthur Preece, the engineer turned laborite-politician, and Gerald Hamer is at his suave best as the young Lord Monkhurst of the last act. Audrey Ridgley as the impetuous Muriel on whom the last act turns, is singularly direct and pleasing. The entire cast and the director have produced from a slightly shabby manuscript an engrossing and warm play with the glow of true theatre at its best.

The Little Father of the Wilderness

TO ADD the spice of "all star" to the occasion, the Players added to this year's bill a revival of this one-act play originally written for Francis Wilson by Austin Strong and Lloyd Osbourne. It is a sentimental little sketch, placed in the court of Louis XV, during the visit of a humble missionary, back from Canada, where he has performed acts of heroism quite beyond the comprehension of the French court. The revival is the occasion for the reappearance of Francis Wilson himself as the bashful and bewildered little missionary, Père Marlotte.

When Wilson used to act in When Knights Were Bold some twenty years ago, I used to think him one of the funniest comedians on the stage, with a touch of sensitivity which lifted him far above the slapstick group. As Père Marlotte he is utterly captivating. Age has only increased that shy sensitivity. New York has been lucky to have this chance to see his art again. A large cast of notables helps to make this little sketch a thing of life and pathos. Among those uniting in this tribute to Francis Wilson—for that is what the occasion amounts to—are Walter Hampden, Jerome Lawler and Margalo Gilmore.

The New Garrick Gaieties

CHILDREN do not always grow up gracefully. A few years ago, a theatrical child appeared on the stage of the old Garrick Theatre almost unsponsored by its august parent, the Theatre Guild. It turned into the first Garrick Gaieties, with a cast composed of junior members of the great Guild, and enlivened by music and lyrics from that then unknown pair Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. The magic of gay and irreverent youth pervaded the air. It was all deliciously fresh and spontaneous, rash in spots but clever nearly always.

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Now the sedate Theatre Guild itself presents a revived Gaieties—a slightly overgrown and awkward child, arrived at the self-conscious age. Gone are Rodgers and Hart (although the metrical lyrics of Hart are freely copied throughout); gone also Romney Brent and Libby Holman, Dorothea Chard and Betty Starbuck, June Cochrane and Eleanor Shaler. Edith Meiser remains, as do the scrawney Sterling Holloway and the stalwart and dependable Philip Loeb. Hildegarde Halliday is also among the veterans present. But something is missing besides familiar faces and interesting personalities—and that something is the fresh audacity which breaks forth when a group of youngsters are on their mettle to do or die.

Moreover, another element has entered in. There is now an increased undercurrent of false sophistication—of the kind, that is, which still believes that the only worthwhile form of wit is that which hovers around bedrooms. This idea, I believe, begins in the grammar school, migrates to the back fence, and comes to maturity in the bar room, the sales convention and the prohibition drawing-room. When so deeply intellectual a crowd as the Theatre Guild gets to work on a smart and intimate review, one rather expects a demonstration of brains, of understanding that life holds such vast stores of the ludicrous and the fantastic that to resort to smoking-car humor is a declaration of mental bankruptcy. It is only occasionally that the present Garrick Gaieties gives us what we have a right to expect. When it does, those particular scenes merely indict the rest of the show the more heavily.

Among the really par numbers are How to Write for the Movies, an excellent brief and sharp satire; The Soda Fountain, giving the terrors of modern concoctions; A Famous Lawyer at Home, in which Philip Loeb demonstrates what cross-questioning can do to a breakfast table; Triple Sec, a rather too lengthy satire on modernistic opera; and They Always Come Back, easily the best comic-opera version of New York politics ever put into a review. This one number comes the nearest to catching the full magic of the old Garrick Gaieties and the Grand Street Follies rolled into one. It tells of the return of Grover Whalen to his great department store, and comes to a climax with a song, Johnny Wanamaker, which emits nothing short of the Gilbert and Sullivan genius. The music by Kay Swift and the lyric by Paul James have the classic stamp.

Perhaps the greatest disappointment is Albert Carroll. To use him at all without giving him full scope such as he enjoyed on Grand Street, is poor economy at best. But to allow him to fall so far short of his best work as he does in an impersonation of Mei Lan Fang is merely stupid. Never once does he catch the inner spirit of the Chinese actor, so that what might have been a clever idea becomes merely second-rate burlesque. (At the Guild Theatre.)

Numbered Men

A THEATRICAL season which included The Criminal Code and The Last Mile would inevitably induce the screen world to put on a few plays about prisons. Numbered Men is fairly good as melodrama, but it goes the current stage one better in spraying sentiment over the inmates of a prison. The "honor system" becomes almost as great a source of heroics as "dear old alma mater" in the college plays of a few years back. If you form a clear mental picture of Conrad Nagel as a high-minded counterfeiter and convict, you will catch the spirit of this story rather precisely. Incidentally, Bernice Claire, who was so delightfully effective as the heroine in Song of the Flame proves rather flat and disappointing in straight spoken drama. (At the Winter Garden.)

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BOOKS

Among the Mohawks

Johnson of the Mohawks, by Arthur Pound; in collaboration with Richard E. Day. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON is referred to in this splendid history as an "Irish immigrant"; yet neither in blood nor essential characteristics was he Gaelic. The paternal branch of his family moved from England to Ireland in the bloody occupation of Cromwell. In 1738 William, then twenty-three years old, left the genteel Johnson household forever and came to America to adventure under the patronage of his uncle, Peter Warren, a British sea-dog of New York who was rapidly enriching himself by privateering against French and Spanish vessels. His uncle financed William in an Indian trading venture up in the Mohawk valley beyond Albany. Soon William was independent, prospering thriftily, laying the foundation of one of the greatest land fortunes in pre-Revolutionary America. The basis of his success was that, unlike most traders, by fair play and by friendliness he earned the lasting confidence of the Mohawk tribes, and thereby of the Six Nations (Iroquois).

That is Johnson's essential significance. Too many of the other white pioneers swindled the Indians ruthlessly. As Pound observes, "there are decent as well as indecent ways of compassing the inevitable. William Johnson, while opening a way for the whites, stood all his days for fair play in establishing white rule for compensation, for proper surveys, for the sanctity of treaties, for the education of Indians as opposed to their extirpation. . . . He looked beneath their minor faults . . . into their major virtues, courage and fidelity."

Johnson was adopted by the Mohawks, and soon his reputation as an Indian pacifier spread to England. From the moment he was appointed by the crown sole superintendent of the Six Nations and their allies he became the keystone of British success against the French in America. Because he died two years before the Declaration of Independence (which is too often roughly thought of as the beginning of American history) and because his son and other heirs fought on the side of the king and retired to Canada when their lands were confiscated, the significance of Johnson's work has been slurred over by American historians. The Standard American Encyclopedia gives him a miserly seven lines, and even Parkman does not do him justice; though more recent students will be found to agree with Francis W. Halsey, who says, speaking of the English struggle with the French in America, "Most historians now believe that the English alliance with the Indians, as fostered by Sir William Johnson, really turned the scale in English favor."

The plain fact was that the Indians had more to gain from French mastery of America than from English. As Pound says, "the English sought colonization and security for family life while the French would have been content with a redskin America on a furskin economy." The Englishman was determined to have the Indians' land, by hook or by crook; but the Frenchman wanted only freedom to trade with, and, in a mild degree, to govern, the Indian. Eventually the persistent tide of English farmers would have rolled over both French and Indians anyway, but without Johnson the resistance would have been longer and bloodier. How ironical! Johnson, the Indian's friend, seems to have believed sincerely that it was to the best interests of his Iroquois wards that they keep the "covenant chain" with the British. So great was his influence with them

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that even when British fortunes were at lowest ebb and it was patent to the Indians that their advantage lay with the French, Johnson was yet able to hold them at least neutral.

If we remember that Johnson's benevolent but almost feudal influence over tribes of Indians as far west as Detroit was his real contribution to the making of America, the actual events in which he participated are seen as only brief visible signs of his vast power. But they were colorful events, surely. First he became a business success. Then he leaped dramatically out of the trader's rôle into a colonelcy in the King's militia, in which part he enrolled the Iroquois on the King's side and secured the Mohawk valley against French invasion in King George's War. In 1754 he was a delegate to the Albany Congress; and as this broke up came news of Braddock's defeat and the beginning of the last act of the French and English struggle. Johnson, now a major-general, directed the campaign against Crown Point which, though not totally successful, resulted in the defeat of the brilliant Dieskau. As a result Johnson became the second English baronet in America, while other British generals were procrastinating and failing. Following Montcalm's swift victory on Lake George next year, Johnson was a tower of strength in keeping the Indians from going over to the French en masse. In 1759 he was in command when Niagara fell before British guns; and, participating in Amherst's three-ply campaign against Montreal in 1760, Johnson was in at the death of New France. Yet he was called on to perpetuate the victory by holding a mighty pow-wow of the Iroquois and Ottawa confederacies at Detroit the next year, to cement the British-Indian friendship; and when later the Pontiac uprising threatened the whole frontier, it was Johnson who made peace.

No review can do justice to this thorough picture of frontier America. First, "our great father Sir William Johnson" was a personality of some color for those times, as one may judge upon hearing that he did not scruple to procure Indian "wives" as mistresses of his estate. And Mr. Pounds' collaboration with Dr. Richard E. Day has brought together all the known material on Johnson, giving us a vivid portrait of the man himself which is not likely to be surpassed. Secondly, he overshadows the New York and Pennsylvania frontier of that period, and in examining his records we are able to reconstruct most of the significant trends of that time. And lastly, the volume possesses the happiest of modern styles—enough imagination and "perhapses" to make even commonplace details absorbing, yet withal the rare historian's virtue of following the truth.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

Another Summary

A History of Europe (1500-1815), by James Edward Gillespie. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.25.

THE writing of a textbook for history students is perhaps the hardest task that a historian may undertake, especially when it concerns European history. Not only should such a book be historically accurate, but it must not omit anything of importance to the true presentation of the past. Then too, a history textbook writer undertakes a much greater responsibility by the mere fact that his production will not be limited to history scholars, but to young men and women whose minds will be formed by such presentation of history as is given them. For this reason he must sometimes sacrifice details for a clear and simple treatment of facts.

Professor Gillespie's book is entertaining reading for a scholar, but does not, to my mind, fulfil the obligation and duty

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of a textbook, because it is overburdened by quite unnecessary details in the treatment of some phases of modern European history and gives in other instances a very summary and, I must add, not always an accurate presentation.

Doubtless the great emphasis laid on the importance of Spain in the sixteenth century and on that of the Netherlands in the first part of the seventeenth is of major importance to any treatment of that period and it gives a clear-cut picture of the development, rise and fall of these maritime and colonial powers. But of course the weight of the book is in the chapters dealing with the Reformation, the Counter-Reformation and the religious wars. Here one must admit that with all the fairness that the author brings in his treatment of the great religious conflict, he still stresses much more the Protestant point of view. This is visible more in the omissions than in the stated facts. For instance, there is no mention of Luther's marriage which is an important moral factor and there is not a word said about Luther's connivance in the polygamous marriage of Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, which is one of the major indications that if the Reformation was started on a religious ground it soon turned out to be of a much more political nature.

The most laudable part of Professor Gillespie's work is the thorough treatment of the expansion of European life and a survey of the colonial development including a chapter on the American Revolution, which is an essential part of European history, a fact that so many historians seem to forget. But, on the other hand, the description of lesser European powers is very often not adequate. Particularly this is visible in the treatment of Russian history. Not to mention such a lapsus calami as the statement that Lübeck was founded by Russians, there is the assertion that serfdom was introduced in Russia in the middle of the seventeenth century, when it is a known fact that it was instituted by Boris Godunov in the last quarter of the sixteenth century. Then too the references for further reading on Russia contain the works of such unreliable historians as Alfred Rambaud, who still seems to enjoy high reputation notwithstanding the fact that he wrote Russian history without knowing the Russian language, and of that entertaining and prolific writer of "alcove" histories of Russia, Waliszevski, comparable only as "historian" to Emil Ludwig. But the saddest neglect is the omission of the capital work on Russian history by the greatest of Russian historians, Kluchevsky, whose History of Russia exists in an English translation.

To conclude, one must mention the attractive type and the sober, dignified general appearance of the book. Beyond any praise are the numerous maps executed by the famous German cartographer, F. A. Brockhaus, of Leipzig.

LEONID I. STRAKHOVSKY.

Hardy's Last Years

The Later Years of Thomas Hardy, by Florence Emily Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

LETTING the records speak for themselves is an art, and Mrs. Hardy has striven to practise it with restraint and dignity. The second volume of her biography touches upon so many controversial matters, however, that the admirable tone of its predecessor is somewhat impaired. It becomes obvious that Mr. Hardy thought of himself as being primarily a poet, and was keenly disappointed with dissenting critics. Indeed, the whole story of his later years hinges on this conviction; and his meditations on the art and the public reception of verse produced the most interesting passages in his diary. To anyone who, like the present reviewer, is incapable of believing that

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The Dynasts is great dramatic poetry, the inside story of Mr. Hardy's own feelings is none the less interesting, in spite of its evident bias.

The book is an invaluable guide to Hardy's philosophical and literary opinions. One plunges immediately into the controversy which grew up round Jude the Obscure—a debate every aspect of which is still profoundly interesting. The attacks launched against this novel were deeply resented by the author who even wrote privately to a friend: "Did I tell you I feared I should seem too High-Churchy at the end of the book where Sue recants? You can imagine my surprise at some of the reviews." A little later Hardy was introduced, in connection with the same book, to the then unsual methods of American newspaperdom. Jude had been most violently denounced in the New York World by Jeanette L. Gilder, who later requested an interview. To this Hardy replied negatively but magnanimously. What then was his surprise, after going to tea at an Englishwoman's home, to learn that a certain strange feminine guest there had been the astute Miss Gilder who would not be denied her interview!

Philosophically speaking, Hardy's last years confirmed his disposition to live as an agnostic, harassed both by the problem of evil and the reputed findings of science. The most interesting testimony bearing on this aspect of his life and mind is the correspondence exchanged with Alfred Noyes. In it Hardy resents being accused of believing that "the Power behind the universe is malign," and asserts that "the said Cause is neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral"—a conclusion which aligns him with the great German pessimists but which, as he concedes, does not even begin to make him a thinker.

Nevertheless this volume of Mrs. Hardy's biography reveals, as did its predecessor, the great amount of Christian feeling not sloughed off by a man who in his youth had thought of taking orders and who, to the end, loved hymns, goodness and even the clergy. Possibly this side of his personality has as much to do with Hardy's greatness as any other.

PAUL CROWLEY.

The Super City

Mastering a Metropolis, by R. L. Duffus. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

WHAT Mr. Dooley said of the Republican tariff reductions, "they became clear only after a long draw on a ball of hop," applies to the fanciful future sketched in this work as well. The author assumes that New York including the whole metropolitan area will grow at the same rate during the next 100 years as in the last century. This fallacy has brought many realtors' subdivision companies into the bankruptcy court in all parts of the country.

Furthermore, the existence of the familiar law of diminishing returns is forgotten. As New York becomes more congested—or as the congestion becomes more expensive to obviate—business will be diverted to other centres where land, docks and streets are not so intensively used. The ports of New Orleans, Baltimore, Newark, Boston and drowsy Philadelphia have lately bestirred themselves to attract with their cheaper handling charges import and export freight. These factors will not operate to detract from the present importance of New York but will surely slow up the rate of growth. It is all very foresighted and large visioned to talk of triple-decked streets, more tunnels, bridges, abundant subways and a second Grand Central at Mott Haven, but meanwhile the city is so hard put to it to finance present requirements that all bridges and tunnels

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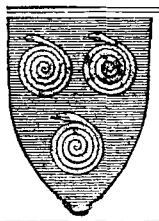

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In spite of these drawbacks, and Mr. Duffus admits the charge of his being visionary, the author has made a succinct analysis of the monumental material amassed by the New York Plan Commission and, even if we cannot follow him to see Bridgeport a new East Side, his book presents an attractive picture of an ideal Gotham.

GEORGE K. MCCABE.

Friend of Socrates

Xenophon, Soldier of Fortune, by Leo V. Jacks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

THIS is, the writer of the jacket copy remarks, "quite a different figure from the man with whom generations of students stumbled from protasis to apodosis through countless weary parasangs." We beg to differ. This is the Xenophon who shows himself clearly in every page of his writings, though of course elementary students may lose much of his flavor through the difficulties of translation. Here is the youthful zest of the hero-worshiper who sat at the feet of Socrates, and took more compendious, and in many ways more interesting, notes than even Plato. Here is the bold adventurer, the able general and leader of men, who, when he saw an ostrich for the first time, was disappointed at not beng able to catch it. Xenophon's wonder at the river Marsyas, flowing from the skin of a musician flayed by Apollo, is not mentioned by Mr. Jacks, but is of a piece with his character as here portrayed.

It is a surprising, though a slight, loss to find almost no conversation in so lively a narrative. Even with this limitation, however, the characters of Xenophon, Socrates, Clearchus and a few others are successfully brought to life. The author explains in a foreword that the book is intended for the general reader, and it is excellent for that, but it might be more particularly recommended for those who are beginning, or are about to begin, the study of the Anabasis. The story is interesting enough, and well enough told, to inspire the average youth with a desire to read more of the adventures of Xenophon.

Having spent his youth in the venerable study of philosophy, Xenophon devoted his old age to the lively and youthful pursuit of the chase. This was, as Mr. Jacks explains, an exceedingly strenuous occupation, since the sport was conducted on foot, and the animals sought for were usually either very swift, as deer, or savage, as boars.

KENTON KILMER.

Toward the Pole

The Worst Journey in the World, by Apsley Cherry-Garrard. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

AMONG the numerous contributions of polar exploration to the literature of travel and adventure are many books which lack literary merit, but none which present a dull or uninteresting tale. No paucity of literary form can rob the story of a man's fight for life of its intrinsic gripping interest. When treated by one with a native gift for story-telling, a flair for fine description, a nose keen to scent the pithy word or phrase, an aversion to the studied or laborious, then a story of men battling against death must take high rank in a literature.

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And that is why Mr. Garrard's book immediately assumes a front position in the literature of polar exploration.

The Worst Journey in the World is a complete account of the ill-fortuned Scott Antarctic Expedition of 1910-13, written by an assistant member of the scientific staff who was at all times in close touch with events. The most terrifying ordeal through which they lived occurred on a winter journey—the "worst journey" of the title—a hunt for Emperor penguin eggs undertaken purely in the interest of science by Garrard and two companions, Dr. Wilson and Lieutenant Oates, both of whom later died with Scott on the return from the Pole. The trip had to be made on foot in the freezing blackness of the Antarctic winter. They reached the rookery, seventy miles distant, after three weeks of constant toil and continual danger, they got the eggs, three of them, and then when ready to turn back, they lost their tent! It was torn from above their heads in the midst of a fierce blizzard and whipped away into the night. For three days they lay in their icy sleeping bags, covered by drifts, in a temperature of seventy degrees below zero, without food, but with only the thought that return was impossible without the tent. Then the blizzard cleared, and by light "that just made the darkness visible" they found the tent below an icy slope a half-mile away. "Our lives had been taken away and given back to us," is the simple entry in Garrard's diary. They were that close to death almost constantly during the six awful weeks of that trip.

The story of the polar journey is well known. Scott eventually reached the Pole with four companions, only to find that Amundsen had beaten him by a month. All five members of the polar party perished on the return journey. Garrard was a member of the search party which found their bodies—a discovery which he relates with simple vividness. In the end he attempts a critical analysis of the tragedy, an impersonal criticism especially valuable because it was written by one close to the disaster, not hastily, but after the mature deliberation of more than ten years. It is a fitting conclusion to the most complete, most readable story of polar exploration.

WILLIAM L. ENGELS.

Undermined Poetics

Ella, by Elisabeth Wilkins Thomas. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

TO THE loud huzzas of some low reviewing folk, elegantly bound, and honorably sponsored by the Viking colophon, a book by a new author emerges. Elation on the part of hacks is common enough, and an attractive jacket is an easy thing to come by, but one blinks the eye and gnaws the lip at the colophon.

For in this instance Viking has stooped to publish.

Yet not too low—the glory has not departed. For the saga of Ella from the first sentimental paragraphs which phrase her childhood, to the last grave pages which pronounce on her maturity, is by turns a foolish, exasperating book, and a narrative made curiously moving by the intensiveness of its author's greed for lovely things.

The short, late glitter of winter sun on snow; the sound, shrill and sharp, of girl's voices through frosty air; the heat of a bird's wing slurring rime from heavy boughs. These things go to lift the novel out of the slough of a middle class; but awkward and uninspiring characters, petty issues and a general inertia of plot, serve to undermine Elisabeth Thomas's poetics. It will be interesting to await her second book.

LEO KENNEDY.

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Briefer Mention

The Letters of Dostoievsky to His Wife; translated by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. New York: Richard R. Smith, Incorporated. $6.00.

SO MANY diaries, letters and memoirs have now laid bare the course of poor Dostoievsky's private life that one confronts new sources of information with half a conviction that they will prove ineffectual. He was a great and lovable man, but he was also a timid, irritable, naive man, seldom well and always threatened with a curious feeling of discomfort when out of his element. The present collection includes four batches of letters written between 1866 and 1880. Many of them were written at German health resorts, where the poor novelist shivered, detested the food, looked at the doctors with dark suspicion and despised the other patients. They are interesting chiefly for their implied comment on Dostoievsky as a father and a husband, both of which offices he held with affectionate distinction. The notes by the original Russian editors are retained in the present English edition, and there is a fine introduction by Prince Mirsky.

Winds of Gobi, by Robert Hyde. New York: Brewer and Warren. $.78.

LOVERS of Asiatic stories and sketches, particularly Chinese stories, are due for a treat in Winds of Gobi. Mr. Hyde has succeeded in telling his stories as the Chinese themselves tell their tales. In them the reader's mental nostrils will detect the elusive incense of Oriental bazaars; back of them his mental eyes will catch glimpses of the mask-faced celestials who have dropped their masks long enough to repeat these charming, haunting tales which Mr. Hyde has trapped and committed to paper; through them, the reader's mental ears will be intrigued and fascinated by the drollery of Chinese transpositions that stamps this work with the seal of authenticity.

The Half-Breed, by M. Constantin-Weyer. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.00.

HERE, in the story of Louis Riel, who led a rebellion of half-breeds against the Canadian government in Manitoba, is splendid material for a heroic novel. M. Constantin-Weyer has warped it into a tale of greasy passion and nasty insinuation in which he draws the half-breeds and clergy as treacherous fools, the English as cruel conquerors. All this jumble, historically without basis, is told in a turgid style which prevents The Half-Breed from being even a good adventure story.

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